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SPECIMENS

OF

ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.

PART I.

SPECIMENS

OF

ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS,

WHO LIVED

ABOUT THE TIME OF SHAKSPEARE.

WITH NOTES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

PART I.

NEW-YORK:
WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY.

1845.

PREFACE.

More than a third part of the following specimens are from plays which are to be found only in the British Museum and in some scarce private libraries. The rest are from Dodsley's and Hawkins's collections, and the works of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger.

I have chosen wherever I could to give entire scenes, and in some instances successive scenes, rather than to string together single passages and detached beauties, which I have always found wearisome in the reading in selections of this nature.

To every extract is prefixed an explanatory head, sufficient to make it intelligible with the help of some trifling omissions. Where a line or more was obscure, as having reference to something that had gone before, which would have asked more time to explain than its consequence in the scene seemed to deserve, I have had no hesitation in leaving the line or passage out. Sometimes where I have met with a superfluous character, which seemed to burthen without throwing any light upon the scene, I have ventured to dismiss it altogether. I have expunged, without ceremony, all that which the writers had better never have written, that forms the objection so often repeated to the promiscuous reading of Fletcher, Massinger, and some others.

The kind of extracts which I have sought after have been, not so much passages of wit and humor, though the old plays are rich in such, as scenes of passion, sometimes of

the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than comic poetry. The plays which I have made choice of have been, with few exceptions, those which treat of human life and manners, rather than masques, and Arcadian pastorals, with their train of abstractions, unimpassioned deities, passionate mortals, Claius, and Medorus, and Amintas, and Amarillis. My leading design has been, to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors. To show in what manner they felt, when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying situations, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swoln joys abated: how much of Shakspeare shines in the great men his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manners he surpassed them and all mankind.

Another object which I had in making these selections was, to bring together the most admired scenes in Fletcher and Massinger, in the estimation of the world the only dramatic poets of that age who are entitled to be considered after Shakspeare, and to exhibit them in the same volume with the more impressive scenes of old Marlowe, Heywood, Tourneur, Webster, Ford, and others. To show what we have slighted, while beyond all proportion we have cried up one or two favorite names.

The specimens are not accompanied with anything in the shape of biographical notices.* I had nothing of consequence to add to the slight sketches in Dodsley and the Biographica Dramatica, and I was unwilling to swell the volume with mere transcription. The reader will not fail to observe from the frequent instances of two or more per-

* The few notes which are interspersed will be found to be chiefly critical.

sons joining in the composition of the same play (the noble practice of those times), that of most of the writers contained in these selections it may be strictly said, that they were contemporaries. The whole period, from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of the reign of Charles I., comprises a space of little more than half a century, within which time nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced, if we except the Samson Agonistes of Milton.

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SPECIMENS

OF

ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.

GORBODUC, A TRAGEDY. BY THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, AFTERWARDS EARL OF DORSET; AND THOMAS NORTON.

Whilst king Gorboduc in the presence of his councillors laments the death of his eldest son, Ferrex, whom Porrex, the younger son, has slain; Marcella, a court lady, enters and relates the miserable end of Porrex, stabbed by his mother in his bed.

GORBODUC, AROSTUS, EUBULUS, *and others.*

Gorb. What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted us this chance?
That even in those where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grave.
Arost. Your grace should now, in these grave years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither should nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,

Than as the naked hand, whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

Gorb. Many can yield right grave and sage advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapt in wo,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,*
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods: but what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

MARCELLA *enters.*

Marc. Oh where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas) within the mother's breast
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;
If ruth be banisht thence, if pity there
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

Gorb. Madam (alas) what means your woful tale?

Marc. O silly woman I, why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out (alas) these eyes beheld the same,
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woful thing to tell,
While slumb'ring on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stabb'd in with knife is reft of life.

* Nature; natural affection.

Gorb. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed. O hateful light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death.
Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech.
Eub. Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound receiv'd but not of certain death.
Gorb. O let us then repair unto the place,
And see if that Porrex live, or thus be slain. [*Exit.*
Marc. Alas he liveth not, it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink* a senseless stock I saw.
Arost. O damned deed!
Marc. But hear his ruthful end.
The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wounds,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,†
Whose strength now failing, streight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes ev'n now unclosed,
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help;
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying alas (for nought else could we do)
His rueful end, ran to the woful bed,
Despoiled streight his breast, and all we might
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand
The sudden streams of blood, that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound: O what a look,
O what a ruthful stedfast eye methought
He fixt upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me,—wherewith abraid‡
A deep-fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithall
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight;
And streight, pale death pressing within his face,

* Twinkling of the eye. † Started.
‡ Awaked; raised up.

The flying ghost his mortal corps forsook.
Arost. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.
Marc. O hard and cruel hap that thus assign'd
Unto so worthy wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruel heart that could consent,
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought;—
O queen of adamant, O marble breast,
If not the favor of his comely face
If not his princely chear and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage;
His noble limbs, in such proportion cast
As would have rapt a silly woman's thought;
If this might not have mov'd the bloody heart,
And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
Even to let fall, and kist him in the face,
With tears, for ruth to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
Even Jove with justice must with light'ning flames
From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee.
Ah noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armor bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
There charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
That bow'd the head piece of thy friendly foe!
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
Which never now these eyes may see again.
Arost. Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed.
Rather with me depart, and help to assuage
The thoughtful griefs, that in the aged king
Must needs by nature grow, by death of this
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.
Marc. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?

Not I, alas, that heart is not in me;
But let us go, for I am griev'd anew,
To call to mind the wretched father's wo. [*Exeunt.*

Chorus of aged men. When greedy lust in royal seat to reign
Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men;
And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
Within th' ambitious breast are lodged, then
Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain this heaven's face,
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,
The mighty God even moveth from his place
With wrath to wreak; then sends he forth with speed
The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire:
These, for revenge of wretched murder done,
Doth cause the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requit;
Jove by his just and everlasting doom
Justly hath ever so requited it.
This times before record and times to come
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood:
And happy he that can in time beware
By others' harms, and turn it to his good:
But wo to him that fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

[The style of this old play is stiff and cumbersome, like the dresses of its times. There may be flesh and blood underneath, but we cannot get at it. Sir Philip Sydney has praised it for its morality. One of its authors might easily furnish that. Norton was an associate to Hopkins, Sternhold, and Robert Wisdom, in the Singing Psalms. I am willing to believe that Lord Buckhurst supplied the more vital parts. The chief beauty in the extract is of a secret nature. Marcella obscurely intimates that the murdered prince Porrex and she had been lovers.]

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY; OR HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN. A TRAGEDY BY THOMAS KYD.

Horatio, the son of Hieronimo, is murdered while he is sitting with his mistress Belimperia by night in an arbor in his father's garden. The murderers (Balthazar, his rival, and Lorenzo, the brother of Belimperia) hang his body on a tree. Hieronimo is awakened by the cries of Belimperia, and coming out into his garden, discovers by the light of a torch, that the murdered man is his son. Upon this he goes distracted.

HIERONIMO *mad.*

Hier. My son! and what's a son?
A thing begot within a pair of minutes, there about:
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women;
And at the nine months' end creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father doat, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son?
He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.
Ay, or yet? why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son?
Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son;
For one of these, in very little time,
Will grow to some good use; whereas a son
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquar'd, unlevell'd he appears;
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age;
This is a son; and what a loss is this, considered truly!
Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humors: he lov'd his loving parents:
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house—
Our hopes were stored up in him,

None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
When his strong arm unhors'd the proud prince Balthazar;
And his great mind, too full of honor, took
To mercy that valiant but ignoble Portuguese.
Well heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and furies,
And things call'd whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape, that's some comfort,
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and steals,
Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all. [*Exit.*

JAQUES *and* PEDRO, *Servants.*

Jaq. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distract since his Horatio died:
And, now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man
Grows lunatic and childish for his son:
Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him.
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out Horatio, where is my Horatio?
So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man:
See here he comes.

HIERONIMO *enters.*

Hier. I pry thro' every crevice of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search thro' every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grandame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven;
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.

How now, who's there, sprights, sprights ?

Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir

Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark ?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiv'd, not I, you are deceiv'd :
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now ?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun god rides in all his glory ;
Light me your torches then.

Ped. Then we burn day light.

Hier. Let it be burnt ; night is a murd'rous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen :
And yonder pale fac'd Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness.
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets* on her sleeve, pins on her train :
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words,
The heavens are gracious ; and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.

Hier. Villain, thou lyest, and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad : thou lyest, I am not mad :
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee ; and were I mad, how could I ?
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio was murder'd ?
She should have shone : search thou the book :
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,
That I know, nay, I do know had the murd'rer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death ;
Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief ?

ISABELLA, *his wife, enters.*

Isa. Dear Hieronimo, come in a doors,
O seek not means to increase thy sorrow.

* Tags of points.

Hier. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jaques:
Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

Isa. How? be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd?

Hier. Was, do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree, I set it of a kernel;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water:
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore:
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son.
It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant.
See who knocks there. [*One knocks within at the door.*

Ped. It is a painter, sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in, one knows not what may chance.
God's will that I should set this tree! but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

The Painter enters.

Pain. God bless you, sir.

Hier. Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest?

Isa. What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

Pain. Justice, madam.

Hier. O ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

Pain. O then I see that God must right me for my murder'd son.

Hier. How, was thy son murder'd?
Pain. Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.
Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lie,
As massy as the earth: I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons, and he was murder'd.
Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.
Hier. Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a doors, Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here, and I,
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like two she lions, 'reaved of their young.
Go in a doors I say. [*Exeunt.*

(*The Painter and he sit down.*)

Come let's talk wisely now.
Was thy son murdered?
Pain. Ay, sir.
Hier. So was mine.
How dost thou take it? art thou not sometime mad?
Is there no tricks that come before thine eyes?
Pain. O lord, yes, sir.
Hier. Art a painter? canst paint me a tear, a wound?
A groan or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?
Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting;
My name 's Bazardo.
Hier. Bazardo! 'fore God an excellent fellow. Look you, sir.
Do you see? I'd have you paint me in my gallery, in your oil colors matted, and draw me five years younger than I am: do you see, sir? let five years go, let them go,—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this, or some such like purpose; *God bless thee, my sweet son;* and my hand leaning upon his head thus, sir, do you see? may it be done?
Pain. Very well, sir.
Hier. Nay, I pray mark me, sir.

Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree:
Canst paint a doleful cry?

Pain. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry; but all is one.
Well, sir, paint me a youth run thro' and thro' with villains' swords hanging upon this tree.
Canst thou draw a murd'rer?

Pain. I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art,
And let their beards be of Judas's own color,
And let their eye-brows jut over: in any case observe that;
Then, sir, after some violent noise,
Bring me forth in my shirt and my gown under my arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword rear'd up thus,—
And with these words; *What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?*
May it be done?

Pain. Yea, sir.

Hier. Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me thro' alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap.

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve.

And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tott'ring, and tott'ring, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down.

And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.

There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion.

Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire; and the torch over my head; make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invocate, and in the end leave me in a trance, and so forth.

Pain. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madness;
And I am never better than when I am mad;

Then methinks I am a brave fellow;
Then I do wonders; but reason abuseth me;
And there's the torment, there's the hell.
And last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers;
Were he as strong as Hector,
Thus would I tear and drag him up and down.

(*He beats the Painter in.*)

[These scenes, which are the very salt of the old play (which without them is but a caput mortuum, such another piece of flatness as Locrine), Hawkins, in his republication of this tragedy, has thrust out of the text into the notes: as omitted in the Second Edition, "printed for Ed. Allde, amended of such gross blunders as passed in the first:" and thinks them to have been *foisted in by the players.*—A late discovery at Dulwich College has ascertained that two sundry payments were made to Ben Jonson by the Theatre for furnishing additions to Hieronimo. See last edition of Shakspeare by Reed. There is nothing in the undoubted plays of Jonson which would authorize us to suppose that he could have supplied the scenes in question. I should suspect the agency of some "more potent spirit." Webster might have furnished them. They are full of that wild solemn preternatural cast of grief which bewilders us in the Duchess of Malfy.]

THE LOVE OF KING DAVID AND FAIR BETHSABE, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALOM. BY GEORGE PEELE.

Bethsabe, with her maid, bathing. She sings: and David sits above, viewing her.

The Song.

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine sun, burn fire, breathe air and ease me,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Enflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come gentle Zephyr trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade (sun-proof) is yet no proof for thee,
Thy body smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his* lances cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbor sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame!
Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of Arch-angels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts,
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolor'd flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brim let be imbrac'd with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that

* The sun's rays.

That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY.

See Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king
In all the land the Lord subdued to me.
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh;
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the king of Heaven.

Cusay. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife
Urias, now at Rabeth siege with Joab?

David. Go now and bring her quickly to the King;
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

Cusay. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mix'd with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers sweet odors, and to odors wings,
That carries pleasures to the hearts of Kings.

* * * * * * * * *

Now comes my Lover tripping like the Roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

[There is more of the same stuff, but I suppose the reader has a surfeit; especially as this Canticle of David has never been suspected to contain any pious sense couched underneath it, whatever his son's may. The Kingly bower "seated in hearing of a hundred streams," is the best of it.]

LUST'S DOMINION; OR, THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN. A TRAGEDY, BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

*The Queen Mother of Spain loves an insolent Moor.**

QUEEN.—ELEAZAR, *the Moor.*

Queen. Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious Music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears;
That he may be enamor'd of your tunes.
Eleaz. Away, away.
Queen. No, no, says aye; and twice away, says stay.
Come, come, I'll have a kiss; but if you'll strive,
For one denial you shall forfeit five.
Eleaz. Be gone, be gone.
Queen. What means my love?
Burst all those wires; burn all those instruments;
For they displease my Moor. Art thou now pleas'd?
Or wert thou now disturb'd? I'll wage all Spain
To one sweet kiss, this is some new device
To make me fond and long. Oh, you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.
Eleaz. What, die for me? Away.
Queen. Away, what way? I prithee, speak more kindly,
Why dost thou frown? at whom?
Eleaz. At thee.
Queen. At me?
O why at me? for each contracted frown,
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow:
Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
Like to a Beldam of one hundred years.
I prithee, speak to me, and chide me not,
I prithee, chide, if I have done amiss;
But let my punishment be this, and this,
I prithee, smile on me, if but a while;
Then frown on me, I'll die. I prithee, smile.

* Such another as Aaron in Titus Andronicus.

Smile on me; and these two wanton boys,
These pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup
And fill thee nectar: their enticing eyes
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
To dress thyself; if thou wilt smile on me.
Smile on me; and with coronets of pearl
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms,
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
And dive to make thee sport:
Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold
In my all-naked arms thyself shalt lie.

[Kit Marlowe, as old Izaak Walton assures us, made that *smooth song* which begins "Come live with me and be my love." The same romantic invitations "in folly ripe in reason rotten," are given by the queen in the play, and the lover in the ditty. He talks of "beds of roses, buckles of gold:"

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The lines in the extract have a luscious smoothness in them, and they were the most temperate which I could pick out of this Play. The rest is in King Cambyses' vein; rape, and murder, and superlatives; "huffing braggart puft" lines,* such as the play writers anterior to Shakspeare are full of, and Pistol "but coldly imitates." *Blood* is made as light of in some of

* Take a specimen from the speech of the Moor's:—

Now Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pue-fellow, to thee I'll sing
Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones,
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity, shall bathe
Thy limbs as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit head of Spain.
To thee that never blush'st, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labors, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the Stage, thine is the Tragedy

these old dramas as *money* in a modern sentimental comedy ; and as *this* is given away till it reminds us that it is nothing but counters, so *that* is spilt till it affects us no more than its representative, the paint of the property-man in the theatre.]

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT; OR, THE SCYTHIAN SHEPHERD. IN TWO PARTS. BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.—PART FIRST.

Tamburlaine's person described.

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned ;
Like his desire, lift* upwards and divine.
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen. 'Twixt his manly pitch
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed :
Wherein by curious soverainty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight :
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres :
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where Honor sits invested royally.
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion
Thirsting with soverainty and love of arms.
His lofty brows in folds do figure death ;
And in their smoothness amity and life.
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was ;
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valor and excess of strength ;
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine.

His custom in war.

The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,

* Lifted.

White is their hue; and on his silver crest
A snowy feather spangled white he bears;
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood:
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms:
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colors, black pavilion,
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armor, plumes,
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell;
Without respect of sex, degree or age,
He raseth all his foes with fire and sword.

[I had the same difficulty (or rather much more) in culling a few sane lines from this as from the preceding Play. The lunes of Tamburlaine are perfect "midsummer madness." Nebuchadnazar's are mere modest pretensions compared with the thundering vaunts of this Scythian Shepherd. He comes in (in the Second Part) drawn by conquered kings, and reproaches these *pampered jades of Asia* that they can *draw but twenty miles a day.* Till I saw this passage with my own eyes, I never believed that it was anything more than a pleasant burlesque of Mine Ancient's. But I assure my readers that it is soberly set down in a Play which their Ancestors took to be serious. I have subjoined the genuine speech for their amusement. *Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them.*

Tamb. Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia:
What can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here, where thus I honor you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate above the glades,
Are not so honor'd in their governor
As you ye slaves in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdued with valor more divine,

Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine.
To make you fierce and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel:
If you can live with it, then live and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds:
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove, &c.]

EDWARD THE SECOND. A TRAGEDY, BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Gaveston shows what pleasures those are which the King chiefly delights in.

Gav. I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant King which way I please.
Music and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like Sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antick hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like Acteon, peeping thro' the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die;
Such things as these best please his majesty.

The younger Mortimer repines at the insolence of Gaveston.

Mort. sen. Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou stay'st here.

Leave now to oppose thyself against the King.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander lov'd Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules for his Hilas wept,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl,
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Mort. jun. Uncle, his wanton humor grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born,
Should by his sovereign's favor grow so pert,
And riot with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

The Barons reproach the King with the calamities which the realm endures from the ascendency of his wicked favorite Gaveston.

KING EDWARD, LANCASTER, WARWICK. *The* MORTIMERS *and other* LORDS.

Mort. jun. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news.
Mine uncle is taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw. Then ransom him.
Lan. 'Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.
Mort. jun. And you shall ransom him, or else——
Kent. What, Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.
Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.
Mort. jun. My Lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Mort. jun. Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak my mind.
Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Mort. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.
Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And lame and poor lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyle, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Live uncontrol'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.
Mort. jun. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships unrigg'd.
Lan. What foreign prince sends thee embassadors?
Mort. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?
Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valoys,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Mort. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That make a king seem glorious to the world:
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love.
Libels are cast against thee in the street:
Ballads and rhimes made of thy overthrow.

Lan. The Northern brothers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Mort. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once: and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish robes, not armor; and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favors hung like labels down.

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig:
Maids of England, sore may you moorn,
For your lemmons you have lost at Bennock's born,
With a heave and a ho.
What weened the king of England,
So soon to have woon Scotland,
With a rombellow?

Mort. Wigmore* shall fly to set my uncle free.

Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.
If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*

The King being deposed, surrenders his crown into the hands of the Bishop of Winchester and the Earl of Leicester at Killingworth Castle.

Lei. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leister, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.

* A principal manor belonging to the Mortimers.

The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison:
For such outrageous passions claw my soul,
As with the wings of rancor and disdain
Full oft am I soaring up to high heav'n,
To 'plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs.
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown, but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown?
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he 's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'ns turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,

Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vines be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.
Lei. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?
Edw. Ah, Leister, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extreme my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I must obey.
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two Kings in England cannot reign at once—
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head the latest honor due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king.
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown;
Inhuman creatures! nurs'd with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again.
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Messenger. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no ?
Edw. I'll not resign ! but whilst I live be king.
Traitors be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will ;
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries !
Bish. This answer we 'll return, and so farewell.
Lei. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair ;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.
Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.
Lei. My lord, the king is willing to resign.
Bish. If he be not, let him choose.
Edw. O would I might ! but heav'n and earth conspire
To make me miserable ! here, receive my crown ;
Receive it ? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd ? pity you me ?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here ; now sweet God of heav'n,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever inthroniz'd in heav'n !
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself.

Berkley Castle. The King is left alone with Lightborn, a murderer.
Edw. Who's there ? what light is that ? wherefore com'st thou ?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord !
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery ;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state.

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's* is,
Or as Matrevis',* hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbor nought but death!
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O if thou harbor'st murder in thy heart,

* His keepers.

Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king; Oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?
Gone, gone, and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord, lie down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay awhile.

Light. How now, my lord?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

[This tragedy is in a very different style from "mighty Tamburlaine." The reluctant pangs of abdicating Royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakspeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second; and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted.]

THE RICH JEW OF MALTA. A TRAGEDY, BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Barabas, the Rich Jew, in his Counting-house, with heaps of gold before him; in contemplation of his wealth.

Bar. So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships
There was a venture summ'd and satisfied.

As to those Samnites, and the Men of Uzz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverbings.
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that, which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin:
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labor so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;
Receive them free and sell them by the weight,
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a caract of this quality,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransome great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And, as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my Halcyon's bill?
Ha! to the east? yes: see, how stand the vances?
East and by south: why then, I hope my ships,

I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles,
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks.
Mine argosies from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.

Certain Merchants enter, and inform Barabas, that his ships from various ports are safe arrived, and riding in Malta roads.—He descants on the temporal condition of the Jews, how they thrive and attain to great worldly prosperity, in spite of the curse denounced against them.

Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enrich'd.
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness.
What more may heaven do for earthly man,
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts!
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honor'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation:
I cannot tell; but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Aye, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess, we come not to be kings;

That's not our fault; alas! our number's few;
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.

[Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakspeare's as his Edward II. does to Richard II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. "If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners *by the Royal command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet. It is curious to see a superstition wearing out. The idea of a Jew (which our pious ancestors contemplated with such horror) has nothing in it now revolting. We have tamed the claws of the beast, and pared its nails, and now we take it to our arms, fondle it, write plays to flatter it: it is visited by princes, affects a taste, patronises the arts, and is the only liberal and gentleman-like thing in Christendom.]

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS. BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

How Faustus fell to the study of magic.

——————— born of parents base of stock
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes:
At riper years to Wirtemberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in Divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In the heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting, heaven conspired his overthrow;
For falling to a devilish exercise,

And glutted now with Learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

Faustus, in his study, runs through the circle of the sciences; and being satisfied with none of them, determines to addict himself to magic.

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a Divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
Bene disserere est finis Logices.
Is, to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attained that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid Economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wond'rous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas:
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus: hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And divers desperate maladies been cured?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men but live eternally,
Or being dead raise men to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell. Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem, rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the Institute,
And universal body of the Law.

This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but eternal trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, Divinity is best.
Jerome's Bible, Faustus: view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin, and so consequently die.
Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? *Che sera sera:*
What will be shall be. Divinity adieu.
These Metaphysics of Magicians,
And necromantic books, are heavenly.
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and Kings
Are but obey'd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound Magician is a Demigod.
Here tire my brains to gain a deity.

* * * * * * * *

How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I 'll have them read me strange philosophy;

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And with swift Rhine circle all Wirtemberg:
I 'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I 'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I 'll make my servile Spirits to invent,
Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me wise with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Faust. Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed Arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure:
Both Law and Physic are for petty wits:
'Tis Magic, Magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt:
And I that have with subtil syllogisms
Gravell'd the Pastors of the German Church,
And made the flowering pride of Wirtemberg
Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal Spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honor him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the Spirits of every Element
Be always serviceable to us three:
Like Lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain Rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides:
Sometimes like Women, or unwedded Maids,

Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enricht with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.

Faust. Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee, ere our conference cease.

Faustus being instructed in the elements of magic by his friends Valdes and Cornelius, sells his soul to the devil, to have an Evil Spirit at his command for twenty-four years.—When the years are expired, the devils claim his soul.

FAUSTUS—*the night of his death.* WAGNER, *his Servant.*

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my Will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love. [*Exit.*

Three Scholars enter.

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner,
Welcome, Gentlemen.

First Sch. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. Oh, Gentlemen.

Sec. Sch. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, Sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Sch. Oh, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

Third Sch. He is not well with being over solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

Third Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, Sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin that hath damn'd both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O Gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years. O would I had ne'er seen Wirtemberg, never read book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world: yea, heaven itself, heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, O hell, for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. On God whom Faustus hath abjured? on God whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would weep but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea, life and soul. Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

Scholars. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephostophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for cunning.

Scholars. O God forbid.

Faust. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First Sch. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil

threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. O what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

First Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS *alone.—The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi.
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O I will leap to heaven, who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me; Oh, my Christ,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone?
And see, a threat'ning arm, and angry brow.
Mountains and hills come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.

No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
Gape earth. O no, it will not harbor me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity.
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoaky mouths,
But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.

The watch strikes.

O half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
O if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras, Metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me:
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:
Ugly hell gape not: come not Lucifer:

I 'll burn my books: Oh Mephostophilis!

* * * * * *

Enter SCHOLARS.

First Sch. Come gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

Sec. Sch. O help us heavens! see here are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus serv'd hath torn him thus:
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek, and call aloud for help;
At which same time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on:
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
And all the scholars, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full strait,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things:
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[The growing horrors of Faustus are awfully marked by the hours and half hours as they expire and bring him nearer and nearer to the exactment of his dire compact. It is indeed an agony and bloody sweat.

Marlowe is said to have been tainted with atheistical positions, to have denied God and the Trinity. To such a genius the history of Faustus must have been delectable food: to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go, to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in, to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the

tree of knowledge. Barabas the Jew, and Faustus the conjuror, are offsprings of a mind which at least delighted to dally with interdicted subjects. They both talk a language which a believer would have been tender of putting into the mouth of a character though but in fiction. But the holiest minds have sometimes not thought it blameable to counterfeit impiety in the person of another, to bring Vice in upon the stage speaking her own dialect, and, themselves being armed with an Unction of self-confident impunity, have not scrupled to handle and touch that familiarly which would be death to others. Milton, in the person of Satan, has started speculations hardier than any which the feeble armory of the atheist ever furnished: and the precise, strait-laced Richardson has strengthened Vice, from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries and abstruse pleas against her adversary Virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented."]

THE HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL; A COMEDY, BY ROBERT TAILOR.

Carracus appoints his friend Albert to meet him before the break of day at the house of the old Lord Wealthy, whose daughter Maria has consented to a stolen match with Carracus.—Albert, arriving before his friend, is mistaken by Maria for Carracus, and takes advantage of the night to wrong his friend.

Enter ALBERT, *solus.*

Alb. This is the green, and this the chamber-window;
And see, the appointed light stands in the casement,
The ladder of ropes set orderly,
Yet he that should ascend, slow in his haste,
Is not as yet come hither.
Were it any friend that lives but Carracus,
I'd try the bliss which this fine time presents.
Appoint to carry hence so rare an heir,
And be so slack! 'sfoot it doth move my patience.
Would any man that is not void of sense
Not have watch'd night by night for such a prize?
Her beauty's so attractive, that by Heaven
My heart half grants to do my friend a wrong.
Forego these thoughts, Albert, be not a slave
To thy affection; do not falsify

Thy faith to him whose only friendship's worth
A world of women. He is such a one,
Thou canst not live without his good,
He is and was ever as thine own heart's blood.

[*Maria beckons him from the window.*

'Sfoot, see, she beckons me for Carracus.
Shall my base purity cause me neglect
This present happiness! I will obtain it,
Spite of my timorous conscience. I am in person,
Habit and all, so like to Carracus,
It may be acted and ne'er call'd in question.
Mar. (*calls*) Hist! Carracus, ascend:
All is as clear as in our hearts we wish'd.

[*Albert ascends, and being on the top of the ladder puts out the candle.*

Mar. O love, why do you so?
Alb. I heard the steps of some coming this way.
Did you not hear Albert pass by as yet?
Mar. Not any creature pass this way this hour.
Alb. Then he intends just at the break of day
To lend his trusty help to our departure.
Mar. Come then, dear Carracus, thou now shalt rest
Upon that bed where fancy oft hath thought thee;
Which kindness until now I ne'er did grant thee,
Nor would I now but that thy loyal faith
I have so often tried! even now
Seeing thee come to that most honor'd end,
Through all the dangers which black night presents,
For to convey me hence and marry me. [*They go in.*

Enter CARRACUS, *to his appointment.*

Car. How pleasing are the steps we lovers make,
When in the paths of our content we pace,
To meet our longings! what happiness it is
For man to love! but oh, what greater bliss
To love and be belov'd! O what one virtue
E'er reign'd in me, that I should be enrich'd

With all earth's good at once ? I have a friend,
Selected by the heavens as a gift
To make me happy whilst I live on earth ;
A man so rare of goodness, firm of faith,
That earth's content must vanish in his death.
Then for my love and mistress of my soul,
A maid of rich endowments, beautified
With all the virtues nature could bestow
Upon mortality, who this happy night
Will make me gainer of her heavenly self.
And see, how suddenly I have attain'd
To the abode of my desired wishes !
This is the green ; how dark the night appears !
I cannot hear the tread of my true friend.
Albert ! hist, Albert !—he's not come as yet,
Nor is the appointed light set in the window.
What if I call Maria ? it may be
She feared to set a light, and only heark'neth
To hear my steps ; and yet I dare not call,
Lest I betray myself, and that my voice,
Thinking to enter in the ears of her,
Be of some other heard : no, I will stay
Until the coming of my dear friend Albert.
But now think, Carracus, what end will be
Of this thou dost determine : thou art come
Hither to rob a father of that wealth
That solely lengthens his now drooping years,
His virtuous daughter, and all (of that sex) left
To make him happy in his aged days.
The loss of her may cause him to despair,
Transport his near-decaying sense to frenzy,
Or to some such abhorred inconveniency
Whereto frail age is subject. I do ill in this,
And must not think but that a father's plaint
Will move the heavens to pour forth misery
Upon the head of disobediency.
Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein they do hold in

Their child's affections, and control that love
Which the high powers divine inspire them with;
When in their shallowest judgments they may know,
Affection crost brings misery and wo.
But whilst I run contemplating on this,
I softly pace to my desired bliss.
I'll go into the next field, where my friend
Told me the horses were in readiness. [*Exit.*

ALBERT *descending from* MARIA.

Mar. But do not stay. What if you find not Albert?

Alb. I'll then return alone to fetch you hence.

Mar. If you should now deceive me, having gain'd
What you men seek for——

Alb. Sooner I'll deceive
My soul—and so I fear I have. [*Aside.*

Mar. At your first call I will descend.

Alb. Till when, this touch of lips be the true pledge
Of Carracus' constant true devoted love.

Mar. Be sure you stay not long; farewell.
I cannot lend an ear to hear you part. [*Maria goes in.*

Alb. But you did lend a hand unto my entrance.

[*He descends.*

Alb. (*solus*) How have I wrong'd my friend, my faithful friend!
Robb'd him of what's more precious than his blood,
His earthly heaven, the unspotted honor
Of his soul-joying mistress! the fruition of whose bed
I yet am warm of; whilst dear Carracus
Wanders this cold night through the unshelt'ring field
Seeking me, treach'rous man, yet no man neither,
Though in an outward show of such appearance,
But am a dev'l indeed, for so this deed
Of wronged love and friendship rightly makes me.
I may compare my friend to one that's sick,
Who, lying on his death-bed, calls to him
His dearest-thought friend, and bids him go
To some rare-gifted man that can restore
His former health; this his friend sadly hears,

And vows with protestations to fulfil
His wish'd desires with his best performance;
But then no sooner seeing that the death
Of his sick friend would add to him some gain,
Goes not to seek a remedy to save,
But like a wretch hides him to dig his grave;
As I have done for virtuous Carracus.
Yet, Albert, be not reasonless to indanger
What thou may'st yet secure. Who can detect
The crime of thy licentious appetite?
I hear one's pace; 'tis surely Carracus.

Enter CARRACUS.

Car. Not find my friend! sure some malignant planet
Rules o'er this night, and envying the content
Which I in thought possess, debars me thus
From what is more than happy, the lov'd presence
Of a dear friend and love.

Alb. 'Tis wronged Carracus by Albert's baseness:
I have no power now to reveal myself.

Car. The horses stand at the appointed place,
And night's dark coverture makes firm our safety.
My friend is surely fall'n into a slumber
On some bank hereabouts; I will call him.
Friend, Albert, Albert.

Alb. Whate'er you are that call, you know my name.

Car. Aye, and thy heart, dear friend.

[*Maria appears above.*

Mar. My Carracus, are you so soon return'd?
I see, you'll keep your promise.

Car. Who would not do so having past it thee,
Cannot be fram'd of aught but treachery.
Fairest, descend, that by our hence departing
We may make firm the bliss of our content.

Mar. Is your friend Albert with you?

Alb. Yes, and your servant, honor'd Lady.

Mar. Hold me from falling, Carracus. [*She descends.*

Car. Come, fair Maria, the troubles of this night

Are as fore-runners to ensuing pleasures.
And, noble friend, although now Carracus
Seems, in the gaining of this beauteous prize,
To keep from you so much of his lov'd treasure,
Which ought not to be mixed; yet his heart
Shall so far strive in your wish'd happiness,
That if the loss and ruin of itself
Can but avail your good—

Alb. O friend, no more; come, you are slow in haste.
Friendship ought never be discuss'd in words,
Till all her deeds be finish'd. Who, looking in a book,
And reads but some part of it only, cannot judge
What praise the whole deserves, because his knowledge
Is grounded but on part—as thine, friend, is,
Ignorant of that black mischief I have done thee.

[*Aside.—Exeunt.*

Albert, after the marriage of Carracus, struck with remorse for the injury he has done to his friend, knocks at Carracus's door, but cannot summon resolution to see him, or to do more than inquire after his welfare.

Alb. Conscience, thou horror unto wicked men,
When wilt thou cease thy all-afflicting wrath,
And set my soul free from the labyrinth
Of thy tormenting terror? O but it fits not!
Should I desire redress, or wish for comfort,
That have committed an act so inhuman,
Able to fill Shame's spacious chronicle?
Who but a damn'd one could have done like me?
Robb'd my dear friend in a short moment's time
Of his love's high-priz'd gem of chastity:
That which so many years himself hath staid for.
How often hath he, as he lay in bed,
Sweetly discours'd to me of his Maria!
And with what pleasing passions did he suffer
Love's gentle war-siege: then he would relate
How he first came unto her fair eyes' view;
How long it was e'er she could brook affection;

And then how constant she did still abide.
I then at this would joy, as if my breast
Had sympathized in equal happiness
With my true friend, but now, when joy should be,
Who but a damn'd one would have done like me?
He hath been married now at least a month;
In all which time I have not once beheld him.
This is his house.
I'll call to know his health, but will not see him;
My looks would then betray me, for, should he ask
My cause of seeming sadness or the like,
I could not but reveal, and so pour on
Worse unto ill, which breeds confusion. [*He knocks.*

A Servant opens.

Alb. Is the master of the house within?

Serv. Yes, marry, is he, sir: would you speak with him?

Alb. My business is not so troublesome:
Is he in health with his late espoused wife?

Serv. Both are exceeding well, sir.

Alb. I am truly glad on't: farewell, good friend.

Serv. I pray you, let's crave your name, sir; I may else have anger.

Alb. You may say, one Albert, riding by this way, only inquired their health.

Serv. I will acquaint so much. [*Exit Servant.*

Alb. How like a poisonous doctor have I come
To inquire their welfare, knowing that myself
Have giv'n the potion of their ne'er-recovery;
For which I will afflict myself with torture ever.
And since the earth yields not a remedy
Able to salve the sores my lust hath made,
I'll now take farewell of society,
And the abode of men, to entertain a life
Fitting my fellowship in desart woods,
Where beasts like me consort; there may I live,
Far off from wronging virtuous Carracus.
There's no Maria, that shall satisfy

My hateful lust: the trees shall shelter
This wretched trunk of mine, upon whose barks
I will engrave the story of my sin.
And there this short breath of mortality
I'll finish up in that repentant state,
Where not the allurements of earth's vanities
Can e'er o'ertake me: there's no baits for lust,
No friend to ruin; I shall then be free
From practising the art of treachery.
Thither then, steps, where such content abides,
Where penitency not disturb'd may grieve,
Where on each tree and springing plant I'll carve
This heavy motto of my misery,
Who but a damn'd one could have done like me?

THE TRAGEDY OF NERO. AUTHOR UNCERTAIN

Scenical Personation.

'Tis better in a play
Be Agamemnon, than himself indeed.
How oft, with danger of the field beset,
Or with home-mutinies, would he un-be
Himself; or, over cruel altars weeping,
Wish, that with putting off a vizard he
Might his true inward sorrow lay aside!
The shows of things are better than themselves,
How doth it stir this airy part of us
To hear our poets tell imagin'd fights
And the strange blows that feigned courage gives.
When I Achilles hear upon the Stage
Speak honor and the greatness of his soul,
Methinks I too could on a Phrygian spear
Run boldly, and make tales for after times:
But when we come to act it in the deed,
Death mars this bravery, and the ugly fears
Of th' other world sit on the proudest brow:
And boasting valor loseth his red cheek.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.
AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.*

Millisent, the fair daughter of Clare, was betrothed, with the consent of her parents, to Raymond, son of Mounchensey; but the elder Mounchensey, being since fallen in his fortunes, Clare revokes his consent and plots a marriage for his daughter with the rich heir of Jerningham. Peter Fabel, a good magician, who had been Tutor to young Raymond Mounchensey at College, determines by the aid of his art to assist his pupil in obtaining fair Millisent.

PETER FABEL, *solus.*

Fab. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royal parts,
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn;
And after all these promises by Clare,
Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure,
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other,
And the old grey-beards now are close together,
Plotting in the garden. Is it even so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter House highest tower?
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lovest?
We'll first hang Envil† in such rings of mist,
As never rose from any dampish fen;
I'll make the brinish sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford bridge;

* It has been ascribed without much proof to Shakspeare, and to Michael Drayton.

† Enfield.

I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them like sheep in every field.
We may perhaps be crost; but if we be,
He shall cross the devil that but crosses me.
But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad;
And here comes the gallant must have his wench.

Enter RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, *young* JERNINGHAM, *and young* CLARE.

Jern. I prithee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps,
Revive thy spirits; thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry
As mirth herself.—
If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thy own, thou mayst thyself assure.

Raym. Ha! Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face of winter,
From thee they have some power on my blood;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear,
From thee it cannot.

Jern. If I understand thee I am a villain:
What! dost thou speak in parables to thy friend;

Fab. (*to Jern.*) You are the man, sir, must have Millisent,
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and the old men,
Your fathers, mean to launch their pursy bags,
But in mean time to thrust Mounchensey off,
For color of this new intended match.
Fair Millisent to Cheston* must be sent,
To take the approbation of a Nun.
Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.

Jern. Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.

* Cheshunt.

And as for thy fair beauteous Millisent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
Her angel-like perfections. But thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore.
Where'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
But like a wag thou hast not laughed at me,
And with regardless jesting mock'd my love?
How many a sad and weary summer's night
My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she should have list to sing?
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow pac'd hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.

Raym. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars;
Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, and my free soul
Nor time nor death can by their power control.

Fab. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupil, I would say,
He were as fine a metal'd Gentleman,
Of as free a spirit, and as fine a temper,
As any in England; and he is a man,
That very richly may deserve thy love.
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchensey's honor to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?

Cla. Raymond Mounchensey, I would have thee know,
He does not breathe this air,
Whose love I cherish, and whose soul I love,

More than Mounchensey's:
Nor ever in my life did see the man,
Whom for his wit, and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But since the matter grows into this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable door
Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy;
And if thou getst her, lad, God give thee joy.

Raym. Then care away! let fate my fall pretend,
Back'd with the favors of so true a friend.

Fab. Let us alone to bustle for the set;
For age and craft with wit and art hath met.
I'll make my Spirits dance such nightly jigs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam Cross,
The Carriers' Jades shall cast their heavy packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in.
The milk-maids' cuts shall turn the wenches off,
And lay their dossers tumbling in the dust:
The frank and merry London Prentices,
That come for cream and lusty country cheer,
Shall lose their way, and scrambling in the ditches
All night, shall whoop and hollow, cry, and call,
And none to other find the way at all.

Raym. Pursue the project, scholar; what we can do
To help endeavor, join our lives thereto.*

* This scene has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweetness and goodnaturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mounchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a "Saint in Essex:" and how sweetly his friend reminds him!—I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece: it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that Panegyrist of my native Earth; who has gone over her soil (in his Polyolbion) with the fidelity of a herald, and the

The Prioress of Cheston's charge to fair Millisent.

Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a Mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead
And those again, succeeding them,
For you shall sing a Requiem.

To her Father. May your soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tythe;
He, that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child should have.

To Millisent. Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.
First at mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look;
Your young thoughts so proud and jolly
Must be turn'd to motions holy;
For your busk, attires and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys:
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray and fast.
You shall ring the sacring bell,
Keep your hours, and tell your knell.
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your psalter, sing your Latins;
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.
You must read the morning mass,
You must creep unto the cross,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have a hair-cloth for your bed,
Bind your beads and tell your needs,
Your holy Aves and your Creeds;
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a Nun.

painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stept over) without honorable mention; and has animated Hills and Streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology.

GREEN'S TU QUOQUE; OR, THE CITY GALLANT. A COMEDY. BY JOSEPH COOKE.

Men more niggardly of their love than women.

Thrice happy days they were, and too soon gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue;
And no deceitful flattery, or guile
Hung on the lover's tear-commixed smile.
Could women learn but that imperiousness,
By which men use to stint our happiness
(When they have purchas'd us for to be theirs
By customary sighs and forced tears)
To give us bits of kindness, lest we faint,
But no abundance; that we ever want,
And still are begging: which too well they know
Endears affection, and doth make it grow.
Had we those sleights, how happy were we then
That we might glory over love-sick men!
But arts we know not, nor have any skill
To feign a sour look to a pleasing will;
Nor couch a secret love in show of hate:
But, if we like, must be compassionate.*

Adversity.

How ruthless men are to adversity!
My acquaintance scarce will know me; when we meet
They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone;
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them.

Prodigality.

That which gilded over his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed, even like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,
And glides to many rivers; so his wealth,
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expense,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers
Ran like a violent stream to other men's.

* This is so like Shakspeare, that one seems almost to remember it as a speech of Desdemona's, upon perceiving an alteration in the behavior of the Moor.

THE COMEDY OF OLD FORTUNATUS. BY THOMAS DECKER.

The Goddess Fortune appears to Fortunatus, and offers him the choice of six things. He chooses Riches.

FORTUNE. FORTUNATUS.

Fortune. Before thy soul at this deep lottery
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice.
Choose then discreetly: for the laws of fate,
Being grav'n in steel, must stand inviolate.

Fortunat. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right:
Wisdom, Strength, Health, Beauty, Long Life, and Riches.

Fortune. Stay, Fortunatus; once more hear me speak.
If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phœbus) shall speak oracle;
Thy heav'n-inspired soul on Wisdom's wings
Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,
And read the Statutes of Eternity,
And see what's past and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to Strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown: as Kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery.
Make Health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling.
Wish but for Beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganimede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee.
Are thy desires Long Life? thy vital thread
Shall be stretch'd out, thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies, and see those children die
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie.
If through Gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine;

Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet:
As those are, so shall these be infinite.

Fortunat. O whither am I wrapt beyond myself?
More violent conflicts fight in every thought
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's love?
Then I lose Riches; and a wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read;
To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint in Wisdom's school.
I will be Strong: then I refuse Long Life;
And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest Strength expires with loss of breath,
The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
Then take Long Life, or Health; should I do so,
I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
Of months and years much misery might enroll:
Therefore I'll beg for Beauty; yet I will not:
The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The Wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength a week reed; Health Sickness' enemy,
And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting; and Long Life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation,
Therefore dread sacred Empress, make me rich:
My choice is Store of Gold; the Rich are Wise,
He that upon his back rich garments wears
Is Wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
Gold is the Strength, the Sinews of the world,
The Health, the Soul, the Beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;

Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative ;
Oh therefore make me Rich.

Fortune gives to Fortunatus a purse that is inexhaustible. With this he puts on costly attire, and visits all the Asian Courts, where he is caressed and made much of for his infinite wealth. At Babylon he is shown by the Soldan a wondrous hat, which in a wish transports the wearer whithersoever he pleases, over land and sea. Fortunatus puts it on, wishes himself at home in Cyprus ; where he arrives in a minute, as his sons Ampedo and Andelocia are talking of him ; and tells his Travels.

FORTUNATUS. AMPEDO. ANDELOCIA.

Fort. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air, let none speak to me till you have marked me well.—Am I as you are, or am I transformed ?

And. Methinks, father, you look as you did, only your face is more withered.

Fort. Boys, be proud ; your father hath the whole world in this compass. I am all felicity up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon ; I have been this half hour in Farmagosta.

And. How ! in a minute, father ? I see travellers must lie.

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon. I would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true. I would not have you believe it neither. But 'tis miraculous and true. Desire to see you brought me to Cyprus. I'll leave you more gold, and go to visit more countries.

Amp. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years
Death needs must marry you : those short lines, minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travel ; rest in Cyprus then.
Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die ;
And bitter is the sweet that's reaped thereby.

And. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations ?

Fort. What pleasure, boy ? I have revelled with Kings, danced with Queens, dallied with Ladies ; worn strange attires ;

seen Fantasticoes; conversed with Humorists; been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian and Phrygian harmonies; I have spent the day in triumphs and the night in banquetting.

And. O rare: this was heavenly.—He that would not be an Arabian Phœnix to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these Vanities?

Fort. Vanities! Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous, to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that Travel lifts men to.

And. Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's arms
We yawn'd like sluggards, when this small horizon
Imprison'd up my body, then mine eyes
Worshipp'd these clouds as brightest: but, my boys,
The glist'ring beams which do abroad appear
In other heavens, fire is not half so clear.
For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorn'd to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thicken'd breath
(Like to condensed fogs) do choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every Kingdom's cheek.
No; I still boldly stept into their Courts:
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine,
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste Goddesses,
Whose star-like eyes have power (might they still shine)
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great Heroes,
White-headed Councillors, and Jovial Spirits,
Standing like fiery Cherubim to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers by being the fair workmanship.

And. Oh how my soul is rapt to a Third Heaven!
I'll travel sure, and live with none but Kings.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all Courts

Beheld such glory, so majestical,
In all perfection, no way blemished?
Fort. In some Courts shall you see Ambition
Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings;
But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt again the sun of Majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
Trickt in outlandish feathers; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate. * * *

Orleans to his friend Galloway defends the passion with which (being a prisoner in the English king's court) he is enamored to frenzy of the king's daughter Agripyna.

ORLEANS. GALLOWAY.

Orl. This music makes me but more out of tune.
O Agripyna.
Gall. Gentle friend, no more.
Thou say'st Love is a madness: hate it then,
Even for the name's sake.
Orl. O I love that madness,
Even for the name's sake.
Gall. Let me tame this frenzy,
By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
By telling thee she's daughter to a King,
By telling thee the King of Cyprus' son
Shines like a sun between her looks and thine,
Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agripyne.
He loves her.
Orl. If he do, why so do I.
Gall. Love is ambitious and loves Majesty.
Orl. Dear friend, thou art deceiv'd: Love's voice doth sing
As sweetly in a beggar as a king.
Gall. Dear friend, thou art deceiv'd: O bid thy soul
Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven,

And in this ample book of wonders read,
Of what celestial mould, what sacred essence,
Her self is form'd: the search whereof will drive
Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
And in sweet tune set that which none inherits.

Orl. I'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne be there.
If not: fa, la, la, Sol, la, &c.

Gall. O call this madness in: see, from the windows
Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks
Wrinkled with idiot laughter; every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of Scorn,
By which thy name is hurt, thy honor torn.

Orl. Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway?

Gall. Even at thee.

Orl. Ha, ha, I laugh at them: are they not mad,
That let my true true sorrow make them glad?
I dance and sing only to anger Grief,
That in his anger he might smite life down
With his iron fist: good heart! it seemeth then,
They laugh to see grief kill me: O fond Men,
You laugh at others' tears; when others smile,
You tear yourselves in pieces; vile, vile, vile.
Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of Fools
Crowding together to be counted Wise,
I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there,
But weep because she is not any where;
And weep because (whether she be or not)
My love was ever and is still forgot; forgot, forgot, forgot.

Gall. Draw back this stream: why should my Orleans mourn?

Orl. Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou see that sun?
Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark it well:
Ere he be two hours elder, all that glory
Is banish'd heaven, and then, for grief, this sky
(That's now so jocund) will mourn all in black.
And shall not Orleans mourn? alack, alack:
O what a savage tyranny it were
To enforce Care laugh, and Wo not shed a tear!
Dead is my Love; I am buried in her scorn:

That is my sunset; and shall I not mourn!
Yes by my troth I will.
Gall. Dear friend forbear;
Beauty (like Sorrow) dwelleth every where.
Rase out this strong idea of her face:
As fair as her's shineth in any place.
Orl. Thou art a Traitor to that White and Red,
Which sitting on her cheeks (being Cupid's throne)
Is my heart's Soveraine: O when she is dead,
This wonder (beauty) shall be found in none.
Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
In love with nothing but deformity.
O fair Deformity, I muse all eyes
Are not enamor'd of thee: thou didst never
Murder men's hearts, or let them pine like wax
Melting against the sun of thy destiny;
Thou art a faithful nurse to Chastity;
Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,
For cares, and age, and sickness her's deface,
But thine's eternal: O Deformity,
Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's,
For (dead) her beauty will no beauty have,
But thy face looks most lovely in the grave.

[The humor of a frantic Lover is here done to the life. Orleans is as passionate an Inamorato as any which Shakspeare ever drew. He is just such another adept in Love's reasons. The sober people of the world are with him

a swarm of fools
Crowding together to be counted wise.

He talks "pure Biron and Romeo," he is almost as poetical as they, quite as philosophical, only a little madder. After all, Love's Sectaries are a "reason unto themselves." We have gone retrograde in the noble Heresy since the days when Sidney proselyted our nation to this mixed health and disease; the kindliest symptom yet the most alarming crisis in the ticklish state of youth; the nourisher and the destroyed of hopeful wits: the mother of twin-birds, wisdom and folly, valor and weakness; the servitude above freedom; the gentle mind's religion; the liberal superstition.]

SATIRO-MASTIX, OR THE UNTRUSSING OF THE HUMOROUS POET. BY THOMAS DECKER.

The King exacts an oath from Sir Walter Terill to send his Bride Cælestina to Court on the marriage night. Her Father, to save her honor, gives her a poisonous mixture which she swallows.

TERILL. CÆLESTINA. FATHER.

Cæl. Why didst thou swear?
Ter. The King
Sat heavy on my resolution,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.
Cæl. An oath! why, what's an oath? 'tis but the smoke
Of flame and blood; the blister of the spirit
Which riseth from the steam of rage, the bubble
That shoots up to the tongue and scalds the voice
(For oaths are burning words). Thou swor'st but one,
'Tis frozen long ago: if one be number'd,
What countrymen are they, where do they dwell,
That speak nought else but oaths?
Ter. They 're Men of Hell.
An oath! why 'tis the traffic of the soul,
'Tis law within a man; the seal of faith,
The bond of every conscience; unto whom
We set our thoughts like hands; yea, such a one
I swore, and to the King; a King contains
A thousand thousand; when I swore to him,
I swore to them; the very hairs that guard
His head will rise up like sharp witnesses
Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
Would straight condemn me: argue oaths no more;
My oath is high, for to the King I swore.
Cæl. Must I betray my chastity, so long
Clean from the treason of rebelling lust?
O husband, O my father, if poor I
Must not live chaste, then let me chastely die.
Fath. Aye, here's a charm shall keep thee chaste, come, come.
Old time hath left us but an hour to play

Our parts; begin the scene; who shall speak first?
Oh I, I play the King, and Kings speak first:
Daughter, stand thou here, thou son Terill there;
We need no prologue, the King entering first
He 's a most gracious Prologue: marry, then
For the catastrophe or Epilogue,
There's one in cloth of silver, which no doubt
Will please the hearers well when he steps out;
His mouth is filled with words: see where he stands:
He 'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part: suppose who enters now,
A King whose eyes are set in silver; one
That blusheth gold, speaks music, dancing walks,
Now gathers nearer, takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou think'st the very orb of heaven,
Moves round about thy fingers; then he speaks,
Thus—thus—I know not how.

Cæl. Nor I to answer him.

Fath. No, girl, know'st thou not how to answer him?
Why, then, the field is lost, and he rides home
Like a great conqueror: not answer him!
Out of thy part already! foil'd the scene!
Disrank'd the lines! disarm'd the action!

Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongued so weak
'Tis overcome ere it know how to speak.

Fath. Come, come, thou happy close of every wrong,
'Tis thou that canst dissolve the hardest doubt;
'Tis time for thee to speak, we all are out.
Daughter and you the man whom I call son,
I must confess I made a deed of gift
To heaven and you, and gave my child to both;
When on my blessing I did charm her soul
In the white circle of true chastity,
Still to run true till death: now, sir, if not,
She forfeits my rich blessing, and is fined
With an eternal curse; then I tell you,
She shall die now, now whilst her soul is true.

Ter. Die!

Cæl. Aye, I am death's echo.
Fath. O my son:
I am her father; every tear I shed
Is threescore ten years old; I weep and smile
Two kinds of tears; I weep that she must die,
I smile that she must die a virgin: thus
We joyful men mock tears, and tears mock us.
Ter. What speaks that cup?
Fath. White wine and poison.
Ter. Oh!
That very name of poison poisons me.
Thou winter of a man, thou walking grave,
Whose life is like a dying taper: how
Canst thou define a lover's laboring thoughts?
What scent hast thou but death! what taste but earth?
The breath that purls from thee is like the steam
Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift;
Because thou 'rt travelling to the land of graves,
Thou covet'st company, and hither bring'st
A health of poison to pledge death: a poison
For this sweet spring; this element is mine,
This is the air I breathe; corrupt it not;
This heaven is mine, I bought it with my soul
Of him that sells a heaven to buy a soul.
Fath. Well, let her go; she's thine, thou call'st her thine,
Thy element, the air thou breath'st; thou know'st
The air thou breath'st is common; make her so.
Perhaps thou 'lt say none but the King shall wear
Thy night-gown, she that laps thee warm with love;
And that Kings are not common: then to show
By consequence he cannot make her so.
Indeed she may promote her shame and thine,
And with your shames speak a good word for mine.
The King shining so clear, and we so dim,
Our dark disgraces will be seen through him.
Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
What man would pledge a King in his own wife?
Ter. She dies: that sentence poisons her: O life!

What slave would pledge a King in his own Wife!

Cæl. Welcome O poison, physic against lust,
Thou wholesome medicine to a constant blood;
Thou rare apothecary that canst keep
My chastity preserv'd within this box
Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot
That stands upon the stall of the white soul,
To set the shop out like a flatterer,
To draw the customers of sin: come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a diet drink
To moderate my blood: White-innocent Wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death? oh no,
For thou thyself art poison; take me hence,
For Innocence shall murder Innocence. [*Drinks.*

Ter. Hold, hold, thou shalt not die, my bride, my wife,
O stop that speedy messenger of death;
O let him not run down that narrow path
Which leads unto thy heart, nor carry news
To thy removing soul that thou must die.

Cæl. 'Tis done already, the Spiritual Court
Is breaking up, all Offices discharg'd
My Soul removes from this weak Standing-house
Of frail mortality: Dear father, bless
Me now and ever: Dearer man, farewell;
I jointly take my leave of thee and life;
Go tell the King thou hast a constant wife.

Fath. Smiles on my cheeks arise
To see how sweetly a true virgin dies.

[The beauty and force of this scene are much diminished to the reader of the entire play, when he comes to find that this solemn preparation is but a sham contrivance of the father's, and the potion which Cælestina swallows nothing more than a sleeping draught; from the effects of which she is to awake in due time, to the surprise of her husband, and the great mirth and edification of the King and his courtiers. As Hamlet says, they do but "poison in jest." The sentiments are worthy of a real martyrdom, and an Appian sacrifice in earnest.]

THE HONEST WHORE. A COMEDY. BY THOMAS DECKER.

Hospital for Lunatics.

There are of mad men, as there are of tame,
All humor'd not alike. We have here some
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather;
And, though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
Such antick and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others again we have, like hungry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies.—

Patience.

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods.—The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a Sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HONEST WHORE. BY THOMAS DECKER.

Bellafront, a reclaimed Harlot, recounts some of the miseries of her profession.

Like an ill husband, though I knew the same
To be my undoing, follow'd I that game.
Oh when the work of lust had earn'd my bread,
To taste it how I trembled, lest each bit
Ere it went down should choke me chewing it.
My bed seemed like a cabin hung in hell,
The bawd hell's porter, and the liquorish wine
The pandar fetch'd was like an easy fine
For which methought I leas'd away my soul,
And oftentimes even in my quaffing-bowl
Thus said I to myself: I am a Whore,

And have drunk down thus much confusion more.
——— when in the street
A fair young modest damsel* I did meet,
She seem'd to all a Dove, when I pass'd by,
And I to all a Raven; every eye
That follow'd her, went with a bashful glance;
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her as if she had been
Some Tower unvanquished would they vail;
'Gainst me swoln rumor hoisted every sail;
She crown'd with reverend praises pass'd by them,
I though with face mask'd could not 'scape the Hem;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on whores,
Because they should be pointing stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape a Courtezan;
Let her walk saint-like noteless and unknown,
Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.

The happy Man.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noon day walks by a prison door,
He that in the sun is neither beam nor moat,

* This simple picture of Honor and Shame, contrasted without violence, and expressed without immodesty, is worth all the *strong lines* against the Harlot's Profession, with which both Parts of this play are offensively crowded. A Satirist is always to be suspected, who, to make vice odious, dwells upon all its acts and minutest circumstances with a sort of relish and retrospective gust. But so near are the boundaries of panegyric and invective, that a worn-out Sinner is sometimes found to make the best Declaimer against Sin. The same high-seasoned descriptions which in his unregenerate state served to inflame his appetites, in his new province of a Moralist will serve him (a little turned) to expose the enormity of those appetites in other men. No one will doubt, who reads Marston's Satires, that the author in some part of his life must have been something more than a theorist in vice. Have we never heard an old preacher in the pulpit display such an insight into the mystery of ungodliness, as made us wonder with reason how a good man came by it? When Cervantes with such proficiency of fondness dwells upon the Don's library, who sees not that he has been a great reader of books of Knight-Errantry? perhaps was at some time of his life in danger of falling into those very extravagances which he ridicules so happily in his Hero?

He that's not mad after a petticoat,
He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave,
He that is neither Lord's nor Lawyer's slave,
He that makes This his sea and That his shore,
He that in 's coffin is richer than before,
He that counts Youth his sword and Age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,
He that upon his death-bed is a Swan,
And dead, no Crow ; he is a Happy Man.*

WESTWARD HOE. A COMEDY. BY THOMAS DECKER AND JOHN WEBSTER.

Pleasure, the general pursuit.

Sweet Pleasure !
Delicious Pleasure ! earth's supremest good,
The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood.
Rob me of that (though to be drunk with pleasure,
As rank excess even in best things is bad,
Turns man into a beast) yet, that being gone,
A horse, and this (the goodliest shape) all one.
We feed ; wear rich attires ; and strive to cleave
The stars with marble towers ; fight battles ; spend
Our blood, to buy us names ; and in iron hold
Will we eat roots to imprison fugitive gold :
But to do thus what spell can us excite ?
This ; the strong magic of our appetite :
To feast which richly, life itself undoes.
Who 'd not die thus ?
Why even those that starve in voluntary wants,
And, to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,
The world enjoying them, they not the world ;
Would they do this, but that they are proud to suck
A sweetness from such sourness ?

* The turn of this is the same with Iago's definition of a Deserving Woman : " She that was ever fair and never proud," &c. The matter is superior.

Music.

Let music
Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence
Through all this building, that her sphery soul
May (on the wings of air) in thousand forms
Invisibly fly, yet be enjoy'd.

LINGUA; A COMEDY. BY ANTHONY BREWER.

Languages.

The ancient Hebrew, clad with mysteries;
The learned Greek, rich in fit epithets,
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical,
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French—

Tragedy and Comedy.

—fellows both, both twins, but so unlike
As birth to death, wedding to funeral:
For this that rears himself in buskins quaint,
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance,
Trouble the midst, but in the end concludes
Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe.
This grave and sad, distained with brinish tears:
That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted:
This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors,
Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprizes;
This other trades with men of mean condition,
His projects small, small hopes, and dangers little:
This gorgeous, broider'd with rich sentences:
That fair, and purfled round with merriments.
Both vice detect, and virtue beautify,
By being death's mirror, and life's looking-glass.

THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA. THE FIRST PART. BY JOHN MARSTON.

Andrugio, Duke of Genoa, banished his country, with the loss of a son, supposed drowned, is cast upon the territory of his mortal enemy the Duke of Venice with no attendants but Lucio, an old nobleman, and a Page.

Andr. Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring Morn that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?

Luc. I think it is, so please your Excellence.

Andr. Away, I have no Excellence to please.
Prithee observe the custom of the world;
That only flatters greatness, states exalts.
And please my Excellence! O Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected, dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love:
Good, flatter not.
My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal
That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.
Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,
And forms no useless nor unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honor, and, like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soul.
Go to, go to; thou ly'st, Philosophy.
Nature forms things unperfect, useless, vain.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears?
That she might see desert and hear men's plaints;
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus upon the breast of Earth,
And in her ear halloo his misery,
Exclaiming thus: O thou all bearing Earth,
Which men do gape for till thou cramm'st their mouths
And choak'st their throats with dust: open thy breast,
And let me sink into thee: look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But O she's deaf and blind.

A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.

Luc. Sweet Lord, abandon passion; and disarm.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let's clip all fortune, lest more low'ring fate—

Andr. More low'ring fate! O Lucio, choke that breath.
Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas! what country rests,
What son, what comfort, that she can deprive?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main?
And in more low'ring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio but Andrugio:
And that
Nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell can take:
Fortune my fortunes not my mind shall shake.

Luc. Speak like yourself: but give me leave, my Lord,
To wish you safety. If you are but seen,
Your arms display you; therefore put them off,
And take——

Andr. Would'st have me go unarm'd among my foes?
Being besieg'd by Passion, entering lists
To combat with Despair and mighty Grief:
My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp Impatience. Ha, Lucio; go unarm'd?
Come, soul, resume the valor of thy birth;
Myself myself will dare all opposites:
I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power:
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth:
This hollow-wombed mass shall inly groan
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly Amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamor with a sound of death.

Luc. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas, survey your fortunes, look what's left

Of all your forces and your utmost hopes;
A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.
Andr. Andrugio lives; and a Fair Cause of Arms,
Why, that's an army all invincible.
He who hath that, hath a battalion royal,
Armor of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of harquebush.
O, a Fair Cause stands firm, and will abide;
Legions of Angels fight upon her side.

[The situation of Andrugio and Lucio resembles that of Lear and Kent, in that King's distresses. Andrugio, like Lear, manifests a kind of royal impatience, a turbulent greatness, an affected resignation. The Enemies which he enters lists to combat, "Despair and mighty Grief, and sharp Impatience," and the Forces ("Cornets of Horse," &c.) which he brings to vanquish them, are in the boldest style of Allegory. They are such a "race of mourners" as "the infection of sorrows loud" in the intellect might beget on "some pregnant cloud" in the imagination.]

ANTONIO'S REVENGE. THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA. BY JOHN MARSTON.

*The Prologue.**

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the nak'd shudd'ring branch, and pills† the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now methinks a sullen tragic scene

* This prologue for its passionate earnestness, and for the tragic note of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one of those old tales of Thebes, or Pelops' line, which Milton has so highly commended, as free from the common error of the poets in his days, "of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people." It is as solemn a preparative as the "warning voice which he who saw th' Apocalypse, heard cry."

† Peels.

Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleas'd in most wish'd content.
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round
Uncapable of weighty passion
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms,
And nuzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness*),
Who.winks and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are;
Who would not know what men must be: let such
Hurry amain from our black visag'd shows;
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with grief; if any heart,
Pierc'd through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood, whose heat is choak'd
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If aught of these strains fill this consort up,
They arrive most welcome. O that our power
Could lacky or keep wing with our desires;
That with unused poize of stile and sense
We might weigh massy in judicious scale!
Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes:
When our scenes falter, or invention halts,
Your favor will give crutches to our faults.

Antonio, son to Andrugio Duke of Genoa, whom Piero the Venetian Prince and father-in-law to Antonio has cruelly murdered, kills Piero's little son, Julio, as a sacrifice to the ghost of Andrugio.—The scene, a church-yard: the time, midnight.

JULIO. ANTONIO.

Jul. Brother Antonio, are you here i'faith?
Why do you frown? Indeed my sister said,
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Buss me: good truth,
I love you better than my father, 'deed.

* "Sleek favorites of Fortune." Preface to Poems by S. T. Coleridge.

Ant. Thy father? gracious, O bounteous heaven,
I do adore thy justice. *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.

Jul. Truth, since my mother died, I loved you best.
Something hath anger'd you: pray you, look merrily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
With capering joy; chuck, my heart doth leap
To grasp thy bosom. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together! heaven's tones
Strike not such music to immortal souls,
As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,
And kick corruption with a scornful heel,
Griping this flesh, disdain mortality.
O that I knew which joint, which side, which limb
Were father all, and had no mother in it;
That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
In bleeding traces: but since 'tis mix'd together,
Have at adventure, pell-mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy; this is Andrugio's hearse.

Jul. O God, you'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
Pray you don't hurt me. And you kill me, 'deed
I'll tell my father.

Ant. Oh, for thy sister's sake I flag revenge.

Andrugio's Ghost cries "Revenge."

Ant. Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning, bursteth forth
And clears his heart. Come, pretty tender child,
It is not thee I hate, or thee I kill.
Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,
Is it I lothe; is that, revenge must suck.
I love thy soul: and were thy heart lapt up
In any flesh but in Piero's blood,
I would thus kiss it: but, being his, thus, thus,
And thus I'll punch it. Abandon fears:
Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out tears.

Jul. So you will love me, do even what you will. [*Dies.*

Ant. Now barks the wolf against the full-cheekt moon;

Now lions' half clam'd entfails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls!
Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth:
And now, swart Night, to swell thy hour out
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.

(*From under the earth a groan.*)

Howl not, thou putry mould; groan not, ye graves;
Be dumb, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's son,
Worthy his father. So; I feel no breath;
His jaws are fall'n, his dislodged soul is fled.
And now there's nothing but Piero left.
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:
Whom thus I mangle Spright of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunk. I live thy friend.
Mayst thou be twined with the soft'st embrace
Of clear eternity;* but thy father's blood
I thus make incense of to Vengeance. * *
* * * * * * *

Day breaking.

——see, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs
And chase it through the sky.

One who died, slandered.

Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loth to post
From out so fair an Inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.

Wherein fools are happy.

Even in that, note a fool's beatitude;

* "To lie immortal in the arms of Fire." Browne's Religio Medici. Of the punishments in hell.

He is not capable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturn'd sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full cram'd fat of happiness:
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wisard's* cheeks, who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy Apes
When they will zany men.

Maria (the Duchess of Genoa) describes the death of Mellida, her daughter-in-law.

Being laid upon her bed she grasp'd my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus, Thou very poor,
Why dost not weep? the jewel of thy brow,
The rich adornment that inchas'd thy breast,
Is lost; thy son, my love, is lost, is dead.
And have I liv'd to see his virtues blurr'd
With guiltless blots? O world, thou art too subtil
For honest natures to converse withal:
Therefore I'll leave thee: farewell, mart of wo;
I fly to clip my love Antonio,—
With that, her head sunk down upon her breast;
Her cheek chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest:
Until my Fool,† that crept unto the bed,
Screech'd out so loud that he brought back her soul,
Call'd her again, that her bright eyes 'gan ope
And stared upon him: he audacious fool
Dared kiss her hand, wisht her *soft rest, lov'd Bride;*
She fumbled out, *thanks, good:* and so she died.

* Wise men's.

† Antonio, who is thought dead, but still lives in that disguise.

THE MALCONTENT. A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY JOHN MARSTON.

The Malcontent describes himself.

I cannot sleep, my eyes' ill neighboring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labor:
The gally-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,
Thou mak'st wink sure; in night all creatures sleep,
Only the Malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels: alas he's Goodman Tell-clock;
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Place for a Penitent.

My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Music, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shows,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again, whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There Usherless* the air come in and out;
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation.
A rocky barrenness shall pierce your eyes;
Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

* *i. e.* without the ceremony of an Usher to give notice of its approach, as is usual in Courts. As fine as Shakspeare: "the bleak air thy boisterous Chamberlain."

THE WONDER OF WOMEN: OR THE TRAGEDY OF SOPHONISBA. BY JOHN MARSTON.

Description of the Witch Erictho.

Here in this desart, the great Soul of Charms
Dreadful Erictho lives; whose dismal brow
Contemns all roofs, or civil coverture.
Forsaken graves and tombs (the ghosts forc'd out)
She joys to inhabit.
A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks,
Unknown to a clear heaven. But if dark winds
Or black thick clouds drive back the blinded stars,
When her deep magic makes forc'd heaven quake,
And thunder, spite of Jove: Erictho then
From naked graves stalks out, heaves proud her head,
With long unkemb'd hair loaden, and strives to snatch
The night's quick sulphur; then she bursts up tombs
From half-rot sear-cloths; and she scrapes dry gums
For her black rites: but when she finds a corse
But newly grav'd, whose entrails are not turn'd
To slimy filth, with greedy havoc then
She makes fierce spoil, and swells with wicked triumph
To bury her lean knuckles in his eyes:
Then doth she gnaw the pale and o'er-grown nails
From his dry hand: but if she find some life
Yet lurking close, she bites his gelid lips,
And sticking her black tongue in his dry throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which enforce him bear
Her baneful secrets to the spirits of horror.

Her Cave.

——Hard by the reverent ruins
Of a once glorious temple, rear'd to Jove,
Whose very rubbish (like the pitied fall
Of virtue much unfortunate) yet bears
A deathless majesty, though now quite ras'd,
Hurl'd down by wrath and lust of impious kings,

So that, where holy Flamens wont to sing
Sweet hymns to heaven, there the daw, and crow,
The ill-voic'd raven, and still chattering pye,
Send out ungrateful sounds and loathsome filth ;
Where statues and Jove's acts were vively* limn'd,
Boys with black coals draw the veil'd parts of nature
And lecherous actions of imagined lust ;
Where tombs and beauteous urns of well-dead men
Stood in assured rest, the shepherd now
Unloads his belly, corruption most abhorr'd
Mingling itself with their renowned ashes :
There once a charnel-house, now a vast cave,
Over whose brow a pale and untrod grove
Throws out her heavy shade, the mouth thick arms
Of darksome ewe, sun-proof, for ever choak ;
Within, rests barren darkness, fruitless drought
Pines in eternal night ; the steam of hell
Yields not so lazy air : there, that's her Cell.

WHAT YOU WILL: A COMEDY. BY JOHN MARSTON.

Venetian Merchant.

No knight,
But one (that title off) was even a prince,
A sultan Solyman : thrice was he made,
In dangerous arms, Venice' Providetore.
He was merchant, but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That nought was valued praiseful excellent,
But in 't was he most praiseful excellent.
O I shall ne'er forget how he went cloathed.
He would maintain it a base ill-used fashion,
To bind a merchant to the sullen habit
Of precise black, chiefly in Venice state,
Where merchants guilt the top.†

* Livelily. † "Her whose merchant Sons were Kings."—*Collins.*

And therefore should you have him pass the bridge
Up the Rialto like a Soldier;
In a black bever belt, ash color plain,
A Florentine cloth-o'-silver jerkin, sleeves
White satin cut on tinsel, then long stock;
French panes embroider'd, goldsmith's work: O God,
Methinks I see him, how he would walk,
With what a jolly presence he would pace
Round the Rialto.*

Scholar and his Dog.

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learn to doubt.
Delight my spaniel slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They 're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.

* To judge of the liberality of these notions of dress, we must advert to the days of Gresham, and the consternation which a Phenomenon habited like the Merchant here described would have excited among the flat round caps, and cloth stockings, upon Change, when those "original arguments or tokens of a Citizen's vocation were in fashion not more for thrift and usefulness than for distinction and grace." The blank uniformity to which all professional distinctions in apparel have been long hastening, is one instance of the Decay of Symbols among us, which, whether it has contributed or not to make us a more intellectual, has certainly made us a less imaginative people. Shakspeare knew the force of signs:—"a malignant and turban'd Turk." "This meal-cap Miller," says the Author of God's Revenge against Murder, to express his indignation at an atrocious outrage committed by the miller Pierot upon the person of the fair Marieta.

Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd and pryed,
Stufft noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawned; and by yon sky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

Preparations for Second Nuptials.

Now is Albano's* marriage-bed new hung
With fresh rich curtains, now are my valence up,
Imbost with orient pearl, my grandsire's gift,
Now are the lawn sheets fum'd with violets
To fresh the pall'd lascivious appetite,
Now work the cooks, the pastry sweats with slaves,
The march-panes glitter, now, now the musicians
Hover with nimble sticks o'er squeaking crowds,†
Tickling the dried guts of a mewing cat:
The tailors, starchers, semsters, butchers, poulterers,
Mercers, all, all——none think on me.

THE INSATIATE COUNTESS: A TRAGEDY. BY JOHN MARSTON.

Isabella (the Countess), after a long series of crimes of infidelity to her husband and of murder, is brought to suffer on a scaffold. Roberto, her husband, arrives to take a last leave of her.

Roberto. Bear record all you blessed saints in heaven
I come not to torment thee in thy death;
For of himself he 's terrible enough,
But call to mind a Lady like yourself,
And think how ill in such a beauteous soul,
Upon the instant morrow of her nuptials,

* Albano, the first husband speaks; supposed dead. † Fiddles.

Apostacy and wild revolt would show.
Withal, imagine that she had a lord
Jealous, the air should ravish her chaste looks;
Doting, like the Creator in his models,
Who views them every minute, and with care
Mixt in his fear of their obedience to him.
Suppose he sung through famous Italy,
More common than the looser songs of Petrarch,
To every several Zany's instrument:
And he poor wretch, hoping some better fate
Might call her back from her adulterate purpose,
Lives in obscure and almost unknown life;
Till hearing that she is condemned to die,
For he once lov'd her, lends his pined corpse
Motion to bring him to her stage of honor,
Where, drown'd in wo at her so dismal chance,
He clasps her: thus he falls into a trance.

Isabella. O my offended lord, lift up your eyes;
But yet avert them from my lothed sight.
Had I with you enjoyed the lawful pleasure,
To which belongs nor fear nor public shame,
I might have lived in honor, died in fame.
Your pardon on my faltering knees I beg;
Which shall confirm more peace unto my death,
Than all the grave instructions of the Church.

Roberto. Freely thou hast it. Farewell, my Isabella;
Let thy death ransome thy soul, O die a rare example,
The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take:
As I leave thee, so thou the world forsake. [*Exit.*

Executioner. Madam, tie up your hair.

Isabella. O these golden nets,
That have insnared so many wanton youths!
Not one but has been held a thread of life,
And superstitiously depended on.
What else?

Executioner. Madam, I must intreat you blind your eyes.

Isabella. I have lived too long in darkness, my friend;
And yet mine eyes with their majestic light,

Have got new Muses in a Poet's spright.
They've been more gaz'd at than the God of day;
Their brightness never could be flattered;
Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of lawn
To eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
I am prepared.—

Woman's Inconstancy.

Who would have thought it? She that could no more
Forsake my company, than can the day
Forsake the glorious presence of the sun,
When I was absent, then her galled eyes
Would have shed April showers, and outwept
The clouds in that same o'er-passionate mood
When they drown'd all the world: yet now forsakes me.
Women, your eyes shed glances like the sun;
Now shines your brightness, now your light is done,
On the sweet'st flowers you shine, 'tis but by chance,
And on the basest weed you'll waste a glance.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY. A TRAGEDY. BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Sacrifice.

Imperial Cæsar, at your sacred charge
I drew a milk white ox into the Temple,
And turning there his face into the East
(Fearfully shaking at the shining light)
Down fell his horned forehead to his hoof.
When I began to greet him with the stroke
That should prepare him for the holy rites,
With hideous roars he laid out such a throat
As made the secret lurkings of the God
To answer, Echo-like, in threat'ning sounds:
I struck again at him, and then he slept;
His life-blood boiling out at every wound
In streams as clear as any liquid ruby,
———the beast cut up, and laid on the altar,
His limbs were all lickt up with instant flames;

Not like the elemental fire that burns
In household uses, lamely struggling up,
This way and that way winding as it rises,
But right and upright reacht his proper sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.

Joy unexpected, best.

Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and prove from whence they come;
When earth's still moon-like confidence in joy
Is at her full: True Joy descending far
From past her sphere, and from the highest heaven
That moves and is not moved.

Inward help the best help.

——I will stand no more
On others' legs, nor build one joy without me.
If ever I be worth a house again,
I'll build all inward: not a light shall ope
The common out-way; no expense, no art,
No ornament, no door, will I use there;
But raise all plain and rudely like a rampire,
Against the false society of men,
That still batters
All reason piece-meal; and, for earthly greatness
All heavenly comforts rarifies the air.
I'll therefore live in dark; and all my light,
Like ancient Temples, let in at my top.
That where to turn one's back to all the world,
And only look at heaven.
———When our diseas'd affections
Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
Oppress our comforts; 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit
Take in another way; like rooms that fight
With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in light.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS. A TRAGEDY. BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

A Nuntius (or Messenger) in presence of King Henry the Third of France and his court tells the manner of a combat, to which he was witness, of three to three; in which D'Ambois remained sole survivor; begun upon an affront passed upon D'Ambois by some courtiers.

HENRY, GUISE, BEAUPRE, NUNTIUS, &c.

Nuntius. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brave friends
Enter the field, and at their heels their foes,
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms:
All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth
The field afforded, the three challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood rank'd;
When face to face the three defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood
Every man's look show'd, fed with other's spirit;
As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death each took from other;
And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,
That you could see no fear of death (for life)
Nor love of life (for death): but in their brows
Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone;
That "life and death in all respects are one."

Henry. Past there no sorts of words at their encounter!

Nuntius. As Hector twixt the hosts of Greece and Troy,
When Paris and the Spartan king should end
The nine years' war, held up his brazen lance
For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
And hear him speak: so Barrisor (advis'd)
Advanced his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
Ript up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives
Then laid in balance with six idle words;
Offer'd remission and contrition too:
Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
The others' danger. D'Ambois lik'd the last:
But Barrisor's friends (being equally engag'd

In the main quarrel), never would expose
His life alone to that they all deserv'd.
And (for the other offer of remission)
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire
Sparkled and spit) did much much more than scorn
That his wrong should incense lim so like chaff
To go so soon out, and, like lighted paper,
Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes;
So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed
That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois;
Pyrrhot with Melynell; with Brisac L'Anou:
And then like flame and powder they commixt,
So sprightly, that I wish'd they had been Spirits;
That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs must open,
Might as they open'd shut, and never kill.*
But D'Ambois' sword (that light'ned as it flew)
Shot like a pointed comet at the face
Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck:
Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts
From him, that of himself was free as fire;
Who thrust still, as he pluck'd, yet (past belief)
He with his subtil eye, hand, body, 'scap'd;
At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely
That (only made more horrid with his wound)
Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground:
But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.
Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
(Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
This way and that, as loth his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst,

* One can hardly believe but that these lines were written after Milton had described his *warring angels.*

Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth:
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world Navarre.
Guise. O piteous and horrid murder!
Beaupre. Such a life
Methinks had metal in it to survive
An age of men.
Henry. Such often soonest end.
Thy felt report calls on; we long to know
On what events the others have arrived.
Nuntius. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes
Met in the upper region of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,
Ent'ring with fresh pow'rs his two noble friends:
And under that odds fell surcharg'd Brisac,
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;
Which D'Ambois seeing: as I once did see,
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry unicorn in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a Jeweller
That watcht him for the treasure of his brow;
And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth;
So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou,
Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face,
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
His foe's uncurb'd sword stopt in his heart:
By which time all the life-strings of th' two other
Were cut, and both fell (as their spirit flew)
Upwards: and still hunt honor at the view.
And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood
Untouch't, save only with the others' blood.
Henry. All slain outright but he?
Nuntius. All slain outright but he:
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd)

He kist their pale lips, and bade both farewell.

False Greatness.

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
In forming a Colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly: so men merely great,
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sowerness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them;
Yet differ not from those Colossick statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.

Virtue.—Policy.

—— as great seamen using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world;
When they have done it, coming near the haven,
Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
A poor staid fisherman that never past
His country's sight, to waft and guide them in:
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of glassy Glory, and the gulfs of State,
Topt with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

Nick of Time.

There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes:
As Rhetorick yet works not persuasion,
But only is a mean to make it work:
So no man riseth by his real merit,

But when it tries clink in his Raiser's spirit.

Difference of the English and French Courts.

HENRY. GUISE. MONTSURRY.

Guise. I like not their Court* fashion, it is too crest-fall'n
In all observance, making demigods
Of their great Nobles, and of their old Queen†
An ever young and most immortal Goddess.

Mont. No question she's the rarest Queen in Europe.

Guise. But what's that to her immortality ?

Henry. Assure you, cousin Guise ; so great a Courtier,
So full of majesty and royal parts,
No Queen in Christendom may vaunt herself.
Her Court approves it. That's a Court indeed ;
Not mix'd with clowneries us'd in common Houses :
But, as Courts should be, th' abstracts of their kingdoms,
In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold.
So is hers amply, and by her inform'd,
The world is not contracted in a Man,
With more proportion and expression,
Than in her Court her Kingdom. Our French Court
Is a mere mirror of confusion to it.
The King and Subject, Lord and every Slave,
Dance a continual hay. Our rooms of state
Kept like our stables : no place more observ'd
Than a rude market-place ; and though our custom
Keep his assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACY. BY GEO. CHAPMAN.

Byron described.

—— he is a man
Of matchless valor, and was ever happy
In all encounters, which were still made good

* The English. † Q. Elizabeth.

With an unwearied sense of any toil;
Having continued fourteen days together
Upon his horse; his blood is not voluptuous,
Nor much inclined to women; his desires
Are higher than his state; and his deserts
Not much short of the most he can desire,
If they be weigh'd with what France feels by them
He is past measure glorious: and that humor
Is fit to feed his spirit, whom it possesseth
With faith in any error; chiefly where
Men blow it up with praise of his perfections:
The taste whereof in him so soothes his palate,
And takes up all his appetite, that oft times
He will refuse his meat, and company,
To feast alone with their most strong conceit.
Ambition also cheek by cheek doth march
With that excess of glory, both sustain'd
With an unlimited fancy, that the king,
Nor France itself, without him can subsist.

Men's Glories eclipsed when they turn Traitors.

As when the moon hath comforted the night,
And set the world in silver of her light,
The planets, asterisms, and whole State of Heaven,
In beams of gold descending: all the winds
Bound up in caves, charg'd not to drive abroad
Their cloudy heads: an universal peace
(Proclaim'd in silence) of the quiet earth
Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
Storms and clouds mixing suddenly put out
The eyes of all those glories; the creation
Turn'd into Chaos; and we then desire,
For all our joy of life, the death of sleep.
So when the glories of our lives (men's loves,
Clear consciences, our fames and loyalties),
That did us worthy comfort, are eclips'd:
Grief and disgrace invade us; and for all
Our night of life besides, our misery craves
Dark earth would ope and hide us in our graves.

Opinion of the Scale of Good or Bad.

—— there is no truth of any good
To be discern'd on earth; and by conversion,
Nought therefore simply bad; but as the stuff
Prepar'd for Arras pictures, is no picture,
Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beams
Of his imaginous fancy thorough it,
In forming ancient Kings and Conquerors
As he conceives they look'd and were attir'd,
Though they were nothing so: so all things here
Have all their price set down from men's Conceits;
Which make all terms and actions good or bad,
And are but pliant and well-color'd threads
Put into feigned images of Truth.

Insinuating Manners.

We must have these lures, when we hawk for friends:
And wind about them like a subtle River,
That, seeming only to run on his course,
Doth search yet, as he runs, and still finds out
The easiest parts of entry on the shore,
Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it touch'd,
Yet still eats something in it.

The Stars not able to foreshow anything.

I am a nobler substance than the stars:
And shall the baser over rule the better?
Or are they better since they are the bigger?
I have a will, and faculties of choice,
To do or not to do; and reason why
I do or not do this: the stars have none.
They know not why they shine, more than this Taper,
Nor how they work, nor what. I'll change my course:
I'll piece-meal pull the frame of all my thoughts:
And where are all your Caput Algols then?
Your planets all being underneath the earth
At my nativity: what can they do?
Malignant in aspects! in bloody houses!

The Master Spirit.

Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man, that knows
What life and death is: there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law:
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

Vile Natures in High Places.

————foolish Statuaries,
That under little Saints, suppose* great bases,
Make less (to sense) the saints: and so, where fortune
Advanceth vile minds to states great and noble,
She much the more exposeth them to shame;
Not able to make good, and fill their bases
With a conformed structure.

Innocence the Harmony of the Faculties.

————Innocence, the sacred amulet
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortune, injury and death:
That makes a man in tune still in himself;
Free from the hell to be his own accuser;
Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying,
No strife nor no sedition in his powers;
No motion in his will against his reason;
No thought 'gainst thought; nor (as 'twere in the confines
Of whispering and repenting) both possess
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace;
But, all parts in him friendly and secure,
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
He can with every wish be in their plenty:

* Put under.

When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
Destroys the free content of all our time.

BYRON'S TRAGEDY. BY GEO. CHAPMAN.

King Henry the Fourth of France blesses the young Dauphin.

My royal blessing, and the King of Heaven,
Make thee an aged and a happy King
Help, nurse, to put my sword into his hand.
Hold, boy, by this; and with it may thy arm
Cut from thy tree of rule all traitrous branches,
That strive to shadow and eclipse thy glories.
Have thy old father's Angel for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast:
Who, when this State ran like a turbulent sea,
In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies (like so many winds)
Settled and burst: and like the Halcyon's birth
Be thine, to bring a calm upon the shore:
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As over-watch'd with former massacres,
When guilty mad Noblesse fed on Noblesse,
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted;
When the nak'd merchant was pursued for spoil:
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their pale leanness, nothing left on them
But meagre carcases, sustained with air,
Wandering like ghosts affrighted from their graves;
When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum-bell,
And hearing it ran bellowing to their home;
From which unchristian broils and homicides
Let the religious sword of Justice free
Thee, and thy kingdoms govern'd after me;
O Heaven! Or if the unsettled blood of France,
With ease and wealth, renew her civil furies,

Let all my powers be emptied in my Son;
To curb and end them all as I have done.
Let him by virtue quite cut off from Fortune
Her feather'd shoulders, and her winged shoes,
And thrust from her light feet her turning stone;
That she may ever tarry by his throne.
And of his worth let after ages say
(He fighting for the land, and bringing home
Just conquests, loaden with his enemies' spoils),
His father past all France in martial deeds.
But he his father twenty times exceeds.

What we have, we slight; what we want, we think excellent.

——as a man, match'd with a lovely wife,
When his most heavenly theory of her beauties
Is dull'd and quite exhausted with his practice,
He brings her forth to feasts, where he, alas,
Falls to his viands with no thought like others,
That think him blest in her; and they, poor men,
Court, and make faces, offer service, sweat
With their desires' contention, break their brains
For jests and tales, sit mute, and loose their looks,
Far out of wit and out of countenance.
So all men else do, what they have, transplant;
And place their wealth in thirst of what they want.

Soliloquy of King Henry deliberating on the Death of a Traitor.

O thou that governst the keen swords of Kings,
Direct my arm in this important stroke;
Or hold it, being advanc'd: the weight of blood,
Even in the basest subject, doth exact
Deep consultation in the highest King:
For in one subject, death's unjust affrights,
Passions, and pains, though he be ne'er so poor,
Ask more remorse than the voluptuous spleens
Of all Kings in the world deserve respect.
He should be born grey-headed that will bear
The weight of Empire. Judgment of the life,
Free state and reputation of a Man

(If it be just and worthy) dwells so dark,
That it denies access to sun and moon:
The soul's eye, sharpen'd with that sacred light
Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that judgment. O how much
Err those Kings then, that play with life and death;
And nothing put into their serious states
But humor and their lusts; for which alone
Men long for kingdoms; whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers could a fool comprise,
He would not be a King, but would be wise.

[The Selections which I have made from this poet are sufficient to give an idea of that "full and heightened style" which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English Play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purel ydramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a Translation as the Stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honor of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the Zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sate down to paint the acts of Sampson against the uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's Translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural and the most violent and forced expressions. He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But passion (the all in all in Poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted and overcome their disgust. I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakspeare, as of a wild irregular genius "in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties," would be really true applied to Chapman. But there is no scale by which to balance such disproportionate subjects as the faults and beauties of a great genius. To set off the former with any fairness against the latter, the pain which they give us should be in some proportion to the pleasure which we receive from the other. As these transport us to the highest heaven, those should steep us in agonies infernal.]

A CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTY. BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Petrocella a fair Spanish Lady loves Montferrers an English Sea Captain, who is Captive to Valladaura a noble Spaniard.—Valladaura loves the Lady; and employs Montferrers to be the Messenger of his love to her.

PETROCELLA. MONTFERRERS.

Pet. What art thou in thy country?
Mont. There, a man.
Pet. What here?
Mont. No better than you see: a slave.
Pet. Whose?
Mont. His that hath redeem'd me.
Pet. Valladaura's?
Mont. Yes, I proclaim 't; I that was once mine own,
Am now become his creature.
Pet. I perceive,
Your coming is to make me think you noble.
Would you persuade me deem your friend a God?
For only such make men. Are you a Gentleman?
Mont. Not here; for I am all dejectedness,
Captive to fortune, and a slave to want;
I cannot call these clothes I wear mine own,
I do not eat but at another's cost,
This air I breathe is borrowed; ne'er was man
So poor and abject. I have not so much
In all this universe as a thing to leave,
Or a country I can freely boast is mine.
My essence and my being is another's.
What should I say? I am not anything;
And I possess as little.
Pet. Tell me that?
Come, come, I know you to be no such man.
You are a soldier valiant and renown'd;
Your carriage tried by land, and prov'd at sea;
Of which I have heard such full expression,
No contradiction can persuade you less;
And in this faith I am constant.

Mont. A meer worm,
Trod on by every fate.
Pet. Rais'd by your merit
To be a common argument through Spain,
And speech at Princes' tables, for your worth ;
Your presence when you please to expose 't abroad
Attracts all eyes, and draws them after you ;
And those that understand you, call their friends,
And pointing through the street, say, This is he,
This is that brave and noble Englishman,
Whom soldiers strive to make their precedent,
And other men their wonder.
Mont. This your scorn
Makes me appear more abject to myself,
Than all diseases I have tasted yet
Had power to asperse upon me ; and yet, lady,
I could say something, durst I.
Pet. Speak 't at once.
Mont. And yet ——
Pet. Nay, but we'll admit no pause.
Mont. I know not how my phrase may relish you,
And loth I were to offend ; even in what's past
I must confess I was too bold. Farewell ;
I shall no more distaste you.
Pet. Sir, you do not ;
I do proclaim you do not. Stay, I charge you ;
Or, as you say you have been fortune's scorn,
So ever prove to woman.
Mont. You charge deeply,
And yet now I bethink me ——
Pet. As you are a soldier,
And Englishman, have hope to be redeem'd
From this your scorned bondage you sustain,
Have comfort in your mother and fair sister,
Renown so blazed in the ears of Spain,
Hope to rebreathe that air you tasted first,
So tell me ——
Ment. What?

Pet. Your apprehension catch'd,
And almost was in sheaf ——
Mont. Lady, I shall.
Pet. And in a word.
Mont. I will.
Pet. Pronounce it then.
Mont. I love you.
Pet. Ha, ha, ha.
Mont. Still it is my misery
Thus to be mock'd in all things.
Pet. Pretty, faith.
Mont. I look'd thus to be laught at; my estate
And fortunes, I confess, deserve no less;
That made me so unwilling to denounce
Mine own derisions: but alas! I find
No nation, sex, complexion, birth, degree,
But jest at want, and mock at misery.
Pet. Love me?
Mont. I do, I do; and maugre Fate,
And spite of all sinister evil, shall.
And now I charge you, by that filial zeal
You owe your father, by the memory
Of your dear mother, by the joys you hope
In blessed marriage, by the fortunate issue
Stored in your womb, by these and all things else
That you can style with goodness; instantly
Without evasion, trick, or circumstance,
Nay, least premeditation, answer me,
Affect you me, or no?
Pet. How speak you that?
Mont. Without demur or pause.
Pet. Give me but time
To sleep upon 't.
Mont. I pardon you no minute: not so much,
As to apparel the least phrase you speak.
Speak in the shortest sentence.
Pet. You have vanquish'd me,
At mine own weapon: noble sir, I love you;

And what my heart durst never tell my tongue,
Lest it should blab my thoughts, at last I speak,
And iterate ; I love you.

Mont. Oh, my happiness!
What wilt thou feel me still ? art thou not weary
Of making me thy May-game, to possess me
Of such a treasure's mighty magazine,
Not suffer me to enjoy it ; tane with this hand,
With that to give 't another!

Pet. You are sad, Sir ;
Be so no more : if you have been dejected,
It lies in me to mount you to that height
You could not aim at greater. I am yours.
These lips, that only witness it in air,
Now with this truth confirm it. [*Kisses him.*

Mont. I was born to 't ;
And it shall out at once.

Pet. Sir, you seem passionate ;
As if my answer pleas'd not.

Mont. Now my death ;
For mine own tongue must kill me : noble Lady,
You have endear'd me to you, but my vow
Was, ne'er to match with any, of what state
Or birth soever, till before the contract
Some one thing I impose her.

Pet. She to do it ?

Mont. Or, if she fail me in my first demand,
I to abjure her ever.

Pet. I am she,
That beg to be imploy'd so : name a danger,
Whose very face would fright all womanhood,
And manhood put in trance, nay, whose aspect
Would ague such as should but hear it told ;
But to the sad beholder, prove like those
That gazed upon Medusa's snaky locks,
And turn'd them into marble : these and more,
Should you but speak 't, Id do.

Mont. And swear to this ?

Pet. I vow it by my honor, my best hopes,
And all that I wish gracious: name it then,
For I am in a longing in my soul,
To show my love's expression.
Mont. You shall then ——
Pet. I'll do it, as I am a Virgin;
Lie it within mortality, I'll do it.
Mont. You shall ——
Pet. I will: that which appears in you
So terrible to speak, I'll joy to act;
And take pride in performance.
Mont. Then you shall——
Pet. What soldier, what?
Mont. — love noble Valladaura;
And at his soonest appointment marry him.
Pet. Then I am lost.——

Miracle of Beauty.

I remember,*
There lived a Spanish Princess of our name,
An Isabella too, and not long since,
Who from her palace windows stedfastly
Gazing upon the Sun, her hair took fire.
Some augurs held it as a prodigy:
I rather think that she was Latona's brood,
And that Apollo courted her bright hair;
Else, envying that her tresses put down his,
He scorcht them off in envy; nor dare I
(From her deriv'd) expose me to his beams;
Lest, as he burns the Phœnix in her nest,
Made of the sweetest aromatic wood,
Either in love, or envy, he agree
To use the like combustion upon me.

* A proud Spanish Princess relates this.

THE ROYAL KING AND THE LOYAL SUBJECT. BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Noble Traitor.

A Persian History
I read of late, how the great Sophy once
Flying a noble Falcon at the Herne,
In comes by chance an Eagle sousing by:
Which when the Hawk espies, leaves her first game,
And boldly ventures on the King of Birds;
Long tugg'd they in the air, till at the length
The Falcon (better breath'd) seiz'd on the Eagle,
And struck it dead. The Barons prais'd the Bird,
And for her courage she was peerless held.
The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,
Made her no less; he caus'd a crown of gold
To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head,
In honor of her courage: then the Bird,
With great applause, was to the market-place
In triumph borne; where, when her utmost worth
Had been proclaimed, the common executioner
First by the King's command took off her crown,
And after with a sword struck off her head,
As one no better than a noble Traitor
Unto the King of Birds.

A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS: A TRAGEDY. BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Mr. Frankford discovers that his Wife has been unfaithful to him.

Mrs. Fra. O by what words, what title, or what name
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband!
(O me most wretched!) I have lost that name,
I am no more your wife.

Fran. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee,
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brow: what wouldst thou speak?

Mrs. Fra. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Tho' I deserve a thousand thousand fold
More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament; even for his sake
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword: but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence:
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Fran. My God, with patience arm me! rise, nay rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou plaid'st the strumpet. Wast thou not supply'd
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay even beyond my calling?

Mrs. Fra. I was.

Fran. Was it then disability in me?
Or in thine eyes seem'd he a properer man?

Mrs. Fra. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs. Fra. You did.

Fran. I did indeed, witness my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honor,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,

Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them: lest as her spotted body
Hath stained their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

Mrs. Fra. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

Fran. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*

He returns with CRANWELL *his friend. She falls on her knees.*

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already.
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And *kill* thee even with *kindness*.

Cran. Mr. Frankford.

Fran. Good Mr. Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment;
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee everything which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off;
Where live; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee,
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. Fra. A mild sentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st

Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. Fra. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Fran. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along:
Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS, *a Servant.*

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's; I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin nor a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
Nor anything that ever was call'd her's,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nic. Here's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her lute? Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!

Post with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

NICHOLAS *overtakes* MRS. FRANKFORD *on her journey, and delivers the lute.*

Mrs. Fra. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.
Nic. My master commends him unto ye;
There's all he can find that was ever yours.
He prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.
Mrs. Fra. I thank him, he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.
If you return unto your master, say
(Tho' not from me, for I am unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead.
Nay you may say too (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear:
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.
Go break this lute on my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.
Nic. I'll do your commendations.
Mrs. Fra. O no:
I dare not so presume; nor to my children:
I am disclaim'd in both, alas, I am.
O never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother; chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught, for when that word they name
(Poor pretty souls) they harp on their own shame.
So, now unto my coach, then to my home,

So to my death-bed ; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life :
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest.
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Mrs. FRANKFORD (*dying*). *Sir* FRANCIS ACTON (*her brother*). *Sir* CHARLES MOUNTFORD. *Mr.* MALBY, *and other of her husband's friends.*

Mal. How fare you, Mrs. Frankford ?

Mrs. Fra. Sick, sick, O sick : give me some air. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where is Mr. Frankford.
Will he not deign to see me ere I die ?

Mal. Yes, Mrs. Frankford : divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbors, with that just request
Have mov'd and told him of your weak estate :
Who, tho' with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us ;
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs. Fra. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news :
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton ? blush I not, sir Charles ?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek ?
Is not my crime there ? tell me, gentlemen.

Char. Alas ! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs. Fra. Then sickness like a friend my fault would hide.
Is my husband come ? my soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see,

Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr. Frankford now.

MR. FRANKFORD *enters.*

Fran. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to his wo.

Mrs. Fra. And is he come? methinks that voice I know.

Fran. How do you, woman?

Mrs. Fra. Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs. Fra. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. O! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees
That kneel I cannot: but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me!

Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath for us given his death,
I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee:
And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,

When the great judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Char. Then comfort, mistress Frankford;
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you?

Acton. How d'ye feel yourself?

Mrs. Fra. Not of this world.

Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
Tho' thou art wounded in thy honor'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest;
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mrs. Fra. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
Once more. Thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

[Heywood is a sort of *prose* Shakspeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the Poet*, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his Country Gentlemen, &c., are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life. Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lovely creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old: but we awake, and sigh for the difference.]

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER. BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Young Geraldine comes home from his Travels, and finds his Playfellow, that should have been his Wife, married to old Wincott. The old Gentleman receives him hospitably, as a Friend of his Father's: takes delight to hear him tell of his Travels, and treats him in all respects like a second Father; his house being always open to him. Young Geraldine and the Wife agree not to wrong the old Gentleman.

WIFE. GERALDINE.

Ger. We now are left alone.

Wife. Why, say we be; who should be jealous of us?

This is not first of many hundred nights,
That we two have been private, from the first
Of our acquaintance ; when our tongues but clipt
Our mother's tongue, and could not speak it plain,
We knew each other : as in stature, so
Increast our sweet society. Since your travel,
And my late marriage, through my husband's love,
Mid-night has been as mid-day, and my bed-chamber
As free to you, as your own father's house,
And you as welcome to it.

Ger. I must confess,
It is in you, your noble courtesy ;
In him, a more than common confidence,
And, in his age, can scarce find precedent.

Wife. Most true : it is withal an argument,
That both our virtues are so deep imprest
In his good thoughts, he knows we cannot err.

Ger. A villain were he, to deceive such trust,
Or (were there one) a much worse character.

Wife. And she no less, whom either beauty, youth,
Time, place, or opportunity could tempt
To injure such a husband.

Ger. You deserve,
Even for his sake, to be for ever young ;
And he, for yours, to have his youth renew'd :
So mutual is your true conjugal love.
Yet had the fates so pleas'd—

Wife. I know your meaning.
It was once voic'd, that we two should have matcht ;
The world so thought and many tongues so spake ;
But heaven hath now dispos'd us other ways :
And being as it is (a thing in me
Which I protest was never wisht nor sought)
Now done, I not repent it.

Ger. In those times
Of all the treasures of my hopes and love
You were th' Exchequer, they were stored in you ;
And had not my unfortunate Travel crost them,

They had been here reserv'd still.
Wife. Troth they had,
I should have been your trusty Treasurer.
Ger. However, let us love still, I entreat;
That, neighborhood and breeding will allow;
So much, the laws divine and humble both
Twixt brother and a sister will approve:
Heaven then forbid that they should limit us
Wish well to one another.
Wife. If they should not,
We might proclaim they were not charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceive.
Ger. Will you resolve me one thing?
Wife. As to one,
That in my bosom hath a second place,
Next my dear husband.
Ger. That's the thing I crave,
And only that; to have a place next him.
Wife. Presume on that already, but perhaps
You mean to stretch it further.
Ger. Only thus far:
Your husband's old; to whom my soul does wish
A Nestor's age, so much he merits from me;
Yet if (as proof and nature daily teach,
Men cannot always live, especially
Such as are old and crazed) he be called hence,
Fairly, in full maturity of time,
And we two be reserv'd to after life;
Will you confer your widow-hood on me?
Wife. You ask the thing I was about to beg;
Your tongue hath spoke mine own thoughts.
Ger. 'Tis enough, that word
Alone instates me happy: now, so please you,
We will divide; you to your private chamber,
I to find out my friend.
Wife. You are now my brother;
But then, my second husband. [*They part.*

Young Geraldine absents himself from the house of Mr. Wincott longer than is usual to him The old Gentleman sends for him, to find out the reason. He pleads his Father's commands.

WINCOTT. GERALDINE.

Ger. With due acknowledgment
Of all your more than many courtesies:
You have been my second father, and your wife
My noble and chaste mistress; all your servants
At my command; and this your bounteous table
As free and common as my father's house:
Neither 'gainst any or the least of these
Can I commence this quarrel.
Win. What might then be
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting
Yourself from such as love you?
Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few: the care I have
Of your (as yet unblemished) renown;
The untoucht honor of your virtuous wife;
And (which I value least, yet dearly too)
My own fair reputation.
Win. How can these
In any way be question'd?
Ger. Oh, dear sir,
Bad tongues have been too busy with us all;
Of which I never yet had time to think,
But with sad thoughts and griefs unspeakable.
It hath been whisper'd by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my father's ears,
By some that have maligned our happiness
(Heaven, if it can brook slander, pardon them),
That this my customary coming hither,
Hath been to base and sordid purposes;
To wrong your bed, injure her chastity,
And be mine own undoer: which, how false—
Win. As heaven is true, I know it—
Ger. Now this calumny

Arriving first unto my father's ears,
His easy nature was induced to think
That these things might perhaps be possible:
I answer'd him, as I would do to heaven,
And clear'd myself in his suspicious thoughts
As truly, as the high all-knowing judge
Shall of these stains acquit me; which are merely
Aspersions and untruths. The good old man
Possessed with my sincerity, and yet careful
Of your renown, her honor, and my fame,
To stop the worst that scandal could inflict
And to prevent false rumors, charges me
The cause remov'd, to take away th' effect;
Which only could be, to forbear your house:
And this upon his blessing. You hear all.

Win. And I of all acquit you: this your absence,
With which my love most cavill'd, orators
In your behalf. Had such things pass'd betwixt you,
Not threats nor chidings could have driv'n you hence;
It pleads in your behalf, and speaks in her's;
And arms me with a double confidence
Both of your friendship and her loyalty.
I am happy in you both, and only doubtful
Which of you two doth most impart my love.
You shall not hence to-night.

Ger. Pray, pardon, sir.

Win. You are in your lodging.

Ger. But my father's charge.

Win. My conjuration shall dispense with that;
You may be up as early as you please,
But hence to-night you shall not.

Ger. You are powerful.

Traveller's Stories.

Sir, my husband
Hath took much pleasure in your strange discourse
About Jerusalem and the Holy Land;
How the new city differs from the old;

What ruins of the Temple yet remain;
And whether Sion, and those hills about,
With these adjacent towns and villages,
Keep that proportioned distance as we read:
And then in Rome, of that great Pyramis
Rear'd in the front, on four lions mounted;
How many of those Idol temples stand,
First dedicated to their heathen gods,
Which ruin'd, which to better use repair'd;
Of their Pantheon, and their Capitol;
What structures are demolish'd, what remain.
—— And what more pleasure to an old man's ear,
That never drew save his own country's air,
Than hear such things related?

Shipwreck by Drink.

This Gentleman and I
Passt but just now by your next neighbor's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth: his father now at sea.
——— There this night
Was a great feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea: when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a Pinnace,
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel: this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main top, and discover. He
Climbs up the bed-post to the tester there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading over-board. At this

All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bed-steds, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain: one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the base-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labors, and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played:
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.——The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The Constable is call'd to atone the broil;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of eminent ship-wreck, enters th' house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his Staff,
And think it Neptune's Trident; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

[This piece of pleasant exaggeration (which, for its life and humor, might have been told or acted by Petruchio himself,) gave rise to the title of Cowley's Latin Play, Naufragium Joculare, and furnished the idea of the best scene in it. Heywood's Preface to this Play is interesting, as it shows the heroic indifference about posterity, which some of these great writers seem to have felt. There is a magnanimity in Authorship as in everything else.

"If Reader thou hast of this play been an Auditor, there is less apology to be used by entreating thy patience. This Tragi-comedy (being one reserved amongst 220 in which I had either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger) coming accidentally to the press, and I having intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it should pass as filius populi, a Bastard without a father to acknowledge it: true it is that my plays are not exposed to the world in volumes, to bear the title of works (as others*): one reason is, that many of them, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost. Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print,

* He seems to glance at Ben Jonson.

and a third that it never was any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read. All that I have further to say at this time is only this: censure I entreat as favorably as it is exposed to thy view freely.

"Ever

"Studious of thy Pleasure and Profit,

"TH. HEYWOOD."

Of the 220 pieces which he here speaks of having been concerned in, only 25, as enumerated by Dodsley, have come down to us, for the reasons assigned in the preface. The rest have perished, exposed to the casualties of a theatre. Heywood's ambition seems to have been confined to the pleasure of hearing the Players speak his lines while he lived. It does not appear that he ever contemplated the possibility of being read by after ages. What a slender pittance of fame was motive sufficient to the production of such Plays as the English Traveller, the Challenge for Beauty, and the Woman Killed with Kindness! Posterity is bound to take care that a Writer loses nothing by such a noble modesty.]

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES: A COMEDY. BY THOMAS HEYWOOD AND RICHARD BROOME.

Mr. Generous, by taking off a Bridle from a seeming Horse in his Stable, discovers it to be his Wife, who has transformed herself by Magical Practices, and is a Witch.

MR. GENEROUS. WIFE. ROBIN, *a groom.*

Gen. My blood is turned to ice, and all my vitals
Have ceas'd their working. Dull stupidity
Surpriseth me at once, and hath arrested
That vigorous agitation, which till now
Exprest a life within me. I, methinks,
Am a meer marble statue, and no man.
Unweave my age, O time, to my first thread;
Let me lose fifty years, in ignorance spent;
That, being made an infant once again,
I may begin to know. What, or where am I,
To be thus lost in wonder?

Wife. Sir.

Gen. Amazement still pursues me, how am I chang'd,
Or brought ere I can understand myself
Into this new world!

Rob. You will believe no witches?
Gen. This makes me believe all, aye, anything;
And that myself am nothing. Prithee, Robin,
Lay me to myself open; what art thou,
Or this new transform'd creature?
Rob. I am Robin;
And this your wife, my mistress.
Gen. Tell me, the earth
Shall leave its seat, and mount to kiss the moon;
Or that the moon, enamor'd of the earth,
Shall leave her sphere, to stoop to us thus low.
What, what's this in my hand, that at an instant
Can from a four-legg'd creature make a thing
So like a wife?
Rob. A bridle; a jugling bridle, Sir.
Gen. A bridle! Hence, enchantment.
A viper were more safe within my hand,
Than this charm'd engine.—
A witch! my wife a witch!
The more I strive to unwind
Myself from this meander, I the more
Therein am intricated. Prithee, woman,
Art thou a witch?
Wife. It cannot be denied,
I am such a curst creature.
Gen. Keep aloof:
And do not come too near me. O my trust;
Have I, since first I understood myself,
Been of my soul so chary, still to study
What best was for its health, to renounce all
The works of that black fiend with my best force;
And hath that serpent twined me so about,
That I must lie so often and so long
With a devil in my bosom?
Wife. Pardon, Sir. [*She looks down.*]
Gen. Pardon! can such a thing as that be hoped?
Lift up thine eyes, lost woman, to yon hills;
It must be thence expected: look not down

Unto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast sought
At such dear rate to purchase. Prithee, tell me
(For now I can believe) art thou a witch?

Wife. I am.

Gen. With that word I am thunderstruck,
And know not what to answer; yet resolve me,
Hast thou made any contract with that fiend,
The enemy of mankind?

Wife. O I have.

Gen. What? and how far?

Wife. I have promis'd him my soul.

Gen. Ten thousand times better thy body had
Been promis'd to the stake; aye, and mine too,
To have suffer'd with thee in a hedge of flames,
Than such a compact ever had been made. Oh——
Resolve me, how far doth that contract stretch?

Wife. What interest in this Soul myself could claim,
I freely gave him; but his part that made it
I still reserve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning devil: foolish woman, know,
Where he can claim but the least little part,
He will usurp the whole. Thou'rt a lost woman.

Wife. I hope not so.

Gen. Why, hast thou any hope?

Wife. Yes, sir, I have.

Gen. Make it appear to me.

Wife. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,
Further than penitent tears have power to quench.

Gen. I would see some of them.

Wife. You behold them now
(If you look on me with charitable eyes)
Tinctur'd in blood, blood issuing from the heart.
Sir, I am sorry; when I look towards heaven,
I beg a gracious pardon; when on you,
Methinks your native goodness should not be
Less pitiful than they; 'gainst both I have err'd;
From both I beg atonement.

Gen. May I presume 't?

Wife. I kneel to both your mercies.
Gen. Knowest thou what
A witch is ?
Wife. Alas, none better ;
Or after mature recollection can be
More sad to think on't.
Gen. Tell me, are those tears
As full of true hearted penitence,
As mine of sorrow to behold what state,
What desperate state, thou'rt faln in ?
Wife. Sir, they are.
Gen. Rise ; and, as I do you, so heaven pardon me ;
We all offend, but from such falling off
Defend us ! Well, I do remember, wife,
When I first took thee, 'twas *for good and bad :*
O change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee
(As then we past our faiths) 'till Death us sever.
O woman, thou hast need to weep thyself
Into a fountain, such a penitent spring
As may have power to quench invisible flames ;
In which my eyes shall aid : too little, all.*

Frank Hospitality.

Gentlemen, welcome ; 'tis a word I use ;
From me expect no further compliment ;
Nor do I name it often at one meeting ;
Once spoke, to those that understand me best,
And know I always purpose as I speak,
Hath ever yet sufficed : so let it you.
Nor do I love that common phrase of guests,
As, we make bold, or, we are troublesome,
We take you unprovided, and the like ;
I know you understanding Gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade yourselves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold.——
Nor shall you find

* Compare this with a story in the Arabian Nights, where a man discovers his wife to be a *goul*.

Being set to meat, that I 'll excuse your fare,
Or say, I am sorry it falls out so poor,
And, had I known your coming, we 'd have had
Such things and such ; nor blame my Cook, to say
This dish or that hath not been sauc't with care :
Words fitting best a common hostess' mouth,
When there's perhaps some just cause of dislike ;
But not the table of a Gentleman.

A FAIR QUARREL: A COMEDY. BY THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.

Captain Ager, in a dispute with a Colonel his friend, receives from the Colonel the appellation of Son of a Whore. A challenge is given and accepted : but the Captain, before he goes to the field, is willing to be confirmed of his mother's honor from her own lips. Lady Ager being questioned by her Son, to prevent a duel, falsely slanders herself of unchastity. The Captain, thinking that he has a bad cause, refuses to fight. But being reproached by the Colonel with cowardice, he esteems that he has now sufficient cause for a quarrel, in the vindicating of his honor from that aspersion ; and draws, and disarms his opponent.

LADY. CAPTAIN, *her Son.*

La. Where left you your dear friend the Colonel ?

Cap. Oh the dear Colonel, I should meet him soon.

La. Oh fail him not then, he 's a Gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engag'd to.

Cap. Yes, and you knew all, mother,

La. I thought I 'd known so much of his fair goodness,
More could not have been look'd for.

Cap. O yes, yes, Madam :
And this his last exceeded all the rest.

La. For gratitude's sake let me know this I prithee.

Cap. Then thus ; and I desire your censure freely,
Whether it appear'd not a strange noble kindness in him.

La. Trust me, I long to hear't.

Cap. You know he's hasty ;
That by the way.
La. So are the best conditions :
Your father was the like.
Cap. I begin now
To doubt me more : why am not I so too then ?
Blood follows blood through forty generations ;
And I 've a slow-pac'd wrath : a shrewd dilemma.— [*Aside.*
La. Well, as you were saying, Sir.
Cap. Marry, thus, good Madam.
There was in company a foul-mouth'd villain——.
Stay, stay——
Who should I liken him to that you have seen ?
He comes so near one that I would not match him with,
Faith, just o' the Colonel's pitch ; he's never the worse man ;
Usurers have been compar'd to magistrates,
Extortioners to lawyers, and the like,
But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that.
La. That's bad enough, they need not.
Cap. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity and manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice,
The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemish'd,
Part of which fell upon your honor, madam,
Which heighten'd my affliction.
La. Mine, my honor, Sir ?
Cap. The Colonel soon enrag'd (as he's all touchwood)
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field ; my wrath could not be heard,
His was so high picht, so gloriously mounted.
Now what's the friendly fear that fights within me,
Should his brave noble fury undertake
A cause that were unjust in our defence,
And so to lose him everlastingly,
In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink
Never to rise again, what pity 'twere,
First to die here, and never to die there ?
La. Why what's the quarrel, speak, Sir, that should rise

Such fearful doubt, my honor bearing part on 't ?
The words, whate'er they were——
Cap. Son of a whore.
La. Thou liest :
And were my love ten thousand times more to thee,
Which is as much now as e'er mother's was,
So thou shouldst feel my anger. Dost thou call
That quarrel doubtful ? where are all my merits ? [*Strikes him.*
Not one stand up to tell this man his error ?
Thou might'st as well call the Sun's truth in question,
As thy birth or my honor.
Cap. Now blessings crown you for 't ;
It is the joyfull'st blow that e'er flesh felt.
La. Nay, stay, stay, Sir ; thou art not left so soon :
This is no question to be slighted off,
And at your pleasure closed up fair again.
As though you'd never touch'd it, no ; honor doubted,
Is honor deeply wounded ; and it rages
More than a common smart, being of thy making.
For thee to fear my truth it kills my comfort.
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tye of blood
Is farthest off in bounty : O poor Goodness,
That only pay'st thyself with thy own works ;
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite
With this vile thought ? which of my prayers or wishes ?
Many thou ow'st me for. This seven year hast thou known me
A widow, only married to my vow ;
That's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honor'd father :
And live I now to know that good mistrusted ?
Cap. No, it shall appear that my grief is chearful !
For never was a mother's reputation
Noblier defended ; 'tis my joy and pride
I have a firmness to bestow upon it.
La. What 's that you said, Sir ?
Cap. 'Twere too bold and soon yet

To crave forgiveness of you. I will earn it first.
Dead or alive I know I shall enjoy it.

La. What 's all this, Sir ?

Cap. My joy 's beyond expression :
I do but think how wretched I had been,
Were this another's quarrel and not mine.

La. Why, is it your's ?

Cap. Mine ? think me not so miserable,
Not to be mine : then were I worse than abject,
More to be loath'd than vileness, or sin's dunghill :
Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful Madam,
But came with greedy joy to be confirm'd in 't,
To give the nobler onset : then shines valor,
And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,
When it comes burnish'd with a righteous cause ;
Without which I'm ten fathoms under coward,
That now am ten degrees above a man.
Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders.

La. But pray stay : all this while I understand you
The Colonel was the man.

Cap. Yes, he's the man,
The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
Which I must turn into his soul again.

La. The Colonel do 't ! that 's strange.

Cap. The villain did it :
That 's not so strange. Your blessing, and your leave—

La. Come, come, you shall not go.

Cap. Not go ? were death
Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
I 'd put him off an hour : why, the whole world,
Has not chains strong enough to bind me from it :
The strongest is my Reverence for you,
Which if you force upon me in this case,
I must be forced to break it.

La. Stay, I say.

Cap. In anything command me but in this, Madam.

La. 'Las, I shall lose him. You will hear me first ?

Cap. At my return I will.

La. You 'll never hear me more then.

Cap. How !

La. Come back, I say !

You may well think there 's cause, I call so often.

Cap. Ha ! cause ? what cause ?

La. So much, you must not go.

Cap. Must not, why ?

La. I know a reason for 't ;

Which I could wish you 'd yield to, and not know :

If not, it must come forth. Faith, do not know ;

And yet obey my will.

Cap. Why, I desire

To know no other than the cause I have,

Nor should you wish it, if you take your injury ;

For one more great I know the world includes not.

La. Yes ; one that makes this nothing :—yet be ruled,

And if you understand not, seek no farther.

Cap. I must, for this is nothing.

La. Then take all ;

And if amongst it you receive that secret

That will offend you, though you condemn me,

Yet blame yourself a little, for perhaps

I would have made my reputation sound

Upon another's hazard with less pity ;

But upon yours I dare not.

Cap. How ?

La. I dare not :

'Twas your own seeking, this.

Cap. If you mean evilly,

I cannot understand you, nor for all the riches

This life has, would I.

La. Would you never might !

Cap. Why, your goodness, that I joy to fight for.

La. In that you neither right your joy nor me.

Cap. What an ill orator has virtue got here !

Why, shall I dare to think it a thing possible,

That you were ever false ?

La. Oh, fearfully ;

As much as *you* come to.

Cap. Oh silence cover me ;
I 've felt a deadlier wound than man can give me.
False ?

La. I was betray'd to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once,
A kinswoman.

Cap. Where is she ? let me pay her.

La. Oh dead long since.

Cap. Say then, she has all her wages.
False ? do not say 't ; for honor's goodness do not ;
You never could be so : he I call'd father
Deserv'd you at your best ; when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you, you 'd no grace
Or virtue that he match'd not ; no delight
That you invented, but he sent it crown'd
To your full wishing soul.

La. That heaps my guiltiness.

Cap. O were you so unhappy to be false
Both to yourself and me, but to me chiefly ?
What a day's hope is here lost, and with it
The joys of a just cause ! Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you 'd ha' died
Ere you 'd ha' yielded, for the sin's hate first.
Next for the hate of this hour's cowardice.
Curst be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for. Quench, my spirit,
And out with honor's flaming lights within thee :
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood ;
I never shall have use of valor more.
Put off your vow for shame : why should you hoard up
Such justice for a barren widowhood ;
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock ?
I should be dead : for all my life's work 's ended.
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage [*Exit Lady.*
The noble resolution of my friends ;

Enter two Friends of Captain AGER'S.

That were more vile. They 're here. Kill me, my shame.
I am not for the fellowship of honor.

1. *Friend.* Captain, fie, come, Sir: we 've been seeking for you
Very late to-day; this was not wont to be,
Your enemy 's in the field.

Cap. Truth enters chearfully.

2. *Friend.* Good faith, Sir, you 've a royal quarrel on 't.

Cap. Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy,
It would be held so.

1. *Friend.* How! and is 't not here so?

Cap. 'Tis not so contumeliously receiv'd
In these parts, and you mark it.

1. *Friend.* Not in these?
Why prithee what is more, or can be?

Cap. Yes:
That ordinary Commotioner *the lye*
Is father of most quarrels in this climate,
And held here capital, and you go to that.

2. *Friend.* But, Sir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your own for it; *son of a whore!*
Why there 's the lye down to posterity;
The lye to birth, the lye to honesty.
Why would you cozen yourself so and beguile
So brave a cause, Manhood's best masterpiece?
Do you ever hope for one so brave again?

Cap. Consider then the man, the Colonel,
Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
However spleen and rage abuses him:
And 'tis not well nor manly to pursue
A man's infirmity.

1. *Friend.* O miracle!
So hopeful valiant and complete a Captain
Possest with a tame devil: come out, thou spoilest
The most improv'd young soldier of seven kingdoms,
Made Captain at nineteen; which was deserv'd
The year before, but honor comes behind still:

Come out, I say: this was not wont to be,
That spirit ne'er stood in need of provocation,
Nor shall it now. Away, Sir.

Cap. Urge me not.

1. *Friend.* By Manhood's reverend honor but we must.

Cap. I will not fight a stroke.

1. *Friend.* O blasphemy
To sacred valor.

Cap. Lead me where you list.

1. *Friend.* Pardon this traiterous slumber, clog'd with evils:
Give Captains rather wives than such tame devils.

The Field.

Enter Captain AGER *with his two Friends.*

Cap. Well, your wills now.

1. *Friend.* Our wills? our loves, our duties
To honor'd fortitude: what wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valor's advancement, and the sacred rectitude
Due to a valorous cause?

Cap. Oh, that 's not mine.

2. *Friend.* War has his Court of Justice, that 's the field,
Where all cases of Manhood are determined,
And your case is no mean one.

Cap. True, then 't were virtuous;
But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.
Well, now ye 've got me hither, ye are as far
To seek in your desire as at first minute:
For by the strength and honor of a vow
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.

1. *Friend.* How! not in this! be not so rash a sinner.
Why, Sir, do you ever hope to fight again then?
Take heed on 't, you must never look for that.
Why, the universal stock of the World's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.
Give up your right and title to desert, Sir;
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not
All your time after; let her take this wrong,

And never presume then to serve her more:
Bid farewell to the integrity of Arms,
And let that honorable name of soldier
Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel,
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead
That wears another's right by usurpation.
Good Captain, do not wilfully cast away
At one hour all the fame your life has won.
This is your native seat. Here you should seek
Most to preserve it; or if you will doat
So much on life, poor life, which in respect
Of life in honor is but death and darkness,
That you will prove neglectful of yourself
(Which is to me too fearful to imagine)
Yet for that virtuous Lady's cause, your Mother,
Her reputation, dear to nobleness,
As grace to penitence; whose fair memory
E'en crowns fame in your issue; for that blessedness,
Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell
And all her base fears be exactly valiant.

Cap. Oh! oh!——

2. *Friend.* Why, well said; there's fair hope in that.
Another such a one.

Cap. Came they in thousands,
'Tis all against you.

1. *Friend.* Then poor friendless Merit,
Heav'n be good to thee, thy Professor leaves thee.

Enter COLONEL *and his two friends.*

He 's come; do you but draw; we 'll fight it for you.

Cap. I know too much to grant that.

1. *Friend.* O dead manhood!
Had ever such a cause so faint a servant?
Shame brand me if I do not suffer for him.

Col. I 've heard, Sir, you 've been guilty of much boasting
For your brave earliness at such a meeting,
You 've lost the glory of that way this morning:
I was the first to-day.

Cap. So were you ever
In my respect, Sir.

1. *Friend.* O most base præludium!

Cap. I never thought on victory our mistress
With greater reverence than I have your worth,
Nor ever lov'd her better.
Success in you has been my absolute joy,
And when I 've wish'd content I 've wish'd your friendship.

Col. I come not hither, Sir, for an encomium.
I came provided
For storms and tempests, and the foulest season
That ever rage let forth, or blew in wildness
From the incensed prison of man's blood.

Cap. Tis otherwise with me: I come with mildness,
Peace, constant amity, and calm forgiveness,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.

1. *Friend.* Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth ten-pence.

Cap. Yet, Sir, the world will judge the injury mine,
Insufferably mine, mine beyond injury,
Thousands have made a less wrong reach to hell,
Aye and rejoic'd in his most endless vengeance
(A miserable triumph though a just one);
But when I call to memory our long friendship,
Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong
That then I should not pardon. Why should Man
For a poor hasty syllable or two
(And vented only in forgetful fury)
Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
To the revenge of that? die lost for ever?
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker
In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same return again,
Whose venture is deceitful. Must he not, Sir?

Col. I see what I must do, fairly put up again,
For here 'll be nothing done, I perceive that.

Cap. What shall be done in such a worthless business
But to be sorry and to be forgiven?
You, Sir, to bring repentance; and I pardon.

Col. I bring repentance, Sir?

Cap. If 't be too much
To say, repentance; call it what you please, Sir;
Choose your own word, I know you 're sorry for it,
And that 's as good.

Col. I sorry? by fame's honor, I am wrong'd:
Do you seek for peace and draw the quarrel larger?

Cap. Then 'tis I 'm sorry that I thought you so.

1. *Friend.* A Captain! I could gnaw his title off.

Cap. Nor is it any misbecoming virtue, Sir,
In the best manliness, to repent a wrong:
Which made me bold with you.

1. *Friend.* I could cuff his head off.

2. *Friend.* Nay, pish.

Col. So once again take thou thy peaceful rest then;
[*To his sword.*
But as I put thee up, I must proclaim
This Captain here, both to his friends and mine,
That only came to see fair valor righted,
A base submissive Coward: so I leave him.

Cap. Oh, heaven has pitied my excessive patience,
And sent me a Cause: now I have a Cause:
A Coward I was never.———Come you back, Sir.

Col. How!

Cap. You left a Coward here.

Col. Yes, Sir, with you.

Cap. 'Tis such base metal, Sir, 't will not be taken,
It must home again with you.

2. *Friend.* Should this be true now——

1. *Friend.* Impossible! Coward do more than Bastard!

Col. I prithee mock me not, take heed you do not,
For if I draw once more I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me do what will grieve honor.

Cap. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. He smiles, dare it be he? what think ye, Gentlemen?
Your judgments; shall I not be cozen'd in him?
This cannot be the man; why he was bookish,
Made an invective lately against fighting,

A thing in truth that mov'd a little with me ;
Put up a fouler contumely far
Than thousand Cowards came to, and grew thankful.
Cap. Blessed remembrance in time of need ;
I 'd lost my honor else.
2. *Friend.* Do you note his joy ?
Cap. I never felt a more severe necessity :
Then came thy excellent pity. Not yet ready !
Have you such confidence in my just manhood
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the toleration of man's virtue ?
Why, would you be more cruel than your injury ?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then think me
Not worth your fury ? do not use me so :
I shall deceive you then : Sir, either draw,
And that not slightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
As you 'd defend yourself from circular fire,
Your sin's rage, or her Lord (this will require it)
Or you 'll be too soon lost : for I 've an anger,
Has gather'd mighty strength against you : mighty,
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and fair.
Col. I 'll venture it once again,
And if 't be but as true as it is wondrous
I shall have that I come for. Your leave, Gentlemen.
[*They fight.*
1. *Friend.* If he should do 't indeed, and deceive us all now——
Stay, by this hand he offers ; fights i'faith ;
Fights : by this light, he fights, Sir.
2. *Friend.* So methinks, Sir.
1. *Friend.* An absolute Punto, ha ?
2. *Friend.* 'Twas a Passado, Sir.
1. *Friend.* Why, let it pass, and 'twas : I 'm sure 'twas somewhat.
What 's that now ?
2. *Friend.* That 's a Punto.

1. *Friend.* O go to then,
I knew 'twas not far off: What a world's this!
Is Coward a more stirring meat than Bastard?
——ho! I honor thee:
'Tis right and fair, and he that breathes against it,
He breathes against the justice of a man;
And man to cut him off, 'tis no injustice.
Thanks, thanks, for this most unexpected nobleness.

[*The Colonel is disarmed.*

Cap. Truth never fails her servant, Sir, nor leaves him
With the day's shame upon him.

1. *Friend.* Thou 'st redeemed
Thy worth to the same height, 'twas first esteemed.

[The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. These noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality out of which a writer may be supplied without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast. To know the boundaries of honor, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had put so keen an edge upon but lately: to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honor as opposed to the laws of the land, or a common-place against duelling. Yet such things would stand a writer now a days in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honor; and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living.]

ALL'S LOST BY LUST. A TRAGEDY. BY WILLIAM ROWLEY.

Roderigo, King of Spain, takes the opportunity to violate the Daughter of Julianus, while that old General is fighting his battles against the Moors. Jacinta seeks her Father in the Camp, at the moment of Victory.

JULIANUS. *Servant.*

Ser. Sir, here's a Woman (forced by some tide of sorrow)
With tears intreats your pity, and to see you.
Jul. If any Soldier has done violence to her,
Beyond our military discipline,
Death shall divide him from us: fetch her in.
I have myself a Daughter, on whose face
But thinking, I must needs be pitiful:
And when I ha' told my conquest to my King,
My poor girl then shall know, how for her sake
I did one pious act:

Servant returns with JACINTA *veiled.*

Is this the creature?
Serv. Yes, my Lord, and a sad one.
Jul. Leave us. A sad one!
The down-cast look calls up compassion in me,
A corse going to the grave looks not more deadly.
Why kneel'st thou? art thou wrong'd by any Soldier?
Rise: for this honor is not due to me.
Hast not a tongue to read thy sorrows out?
This book I understand not.
Jacin. O my dear father!
Jul. Thy father, who has wrong'd him?
Jacin. A great Commander.
Jul. Under me?
Jacin. Above you.
Jul. Above me! who's above a general?
None but the general of all Spain's armies;
And that's the king, king Roderick: he's all goodness,
He cannot wrong thy father.
Jacin. What was Tarquin?

Jul. A king, and yet a ravisher.
Jacin. Such a sin
Was in those days a monster; now 'tis common.
Jul. Prithee be plain.
Jacin. Have not you, Sir, a daughter?
Jul. If I have not, I am the wretched'st man
That this day lives; for all the wealth I have
Lives in that child.
Jacin. O for your daughter's sake then hear my woes.
Jul. Rise then, and speak 'em.
Jacin. No, let me kneel still:
Such a resemblance of a daughter's duty
Will make you mindful of a father's love:
For such my injuries must exact from you,
As you would for your own.
Jul. And so they do;
For whilst I see thee kneeling, I think of my Jacinta.
Jacin. Say your Jacinta then, chaste as the rose
Coming on sweetly in the springing bud,
And ne'er felt heat, to spread the summer sweet;
But, to increase and multiply it more,
Did to itself keep in its own perfume;
Say that some rapine hand had pluck'd the bloom,*
Jacinta, like that flower, and ravish'd her,
Defiling her white lawn of chastity
With ugly blacks of lust: what would you do?
Jul. O 'tis too hard a question to resolve,
Without a solemn council held within
Of man's best understanding faculties:
There must be love, and fatherhood, and grief,
And rage, and many passions: and they must all
Beget a thing call'd vengeance: but they must sit upon 't.
Jacin. Say this were done by him that carried
The fairest seeming face of friendship to yourself.
Jul. We should fall out.
Jacin. Would you in such a case respect degrees?
Jul. I know not that.

* "Cropt this fair Rose," &c.—*Otway.*

Jacin. Say he were noble.

Jul. Impossible: the act's ignoble. The Bee can breed
No poison, though it suck the juice of hemlock.

Jacin. Say a king should do it; were the act less done,
By the greater power? does majesty
Extenuate a crime?

Jul. Augment it rather.

Jacin. Say then that Roderick, your king and master,
To quit the honors you are bringing home,
Had ravish'd your Jacinta.

Jul. Who has sent
A Fury in this foul-fair shape to vex me?
I ha' seen that face methinks yet know it not:
How darest thou speak this treason 'gainst my king?
Durst any man in the world bring me this lie,
By this, he had been in hell: Roderick a Tarquin!

Jacin. Yes, and thy daughter (had she done her part)
Should be the second Lucrece. View me well:
I am Jacinta.

Jul. Ha!

Jacin. The king my ravisher.

Jul. The king thy ravisher! oh, unkingly sound.
He dares not sure; yet in thy sullied eyes
I read a tragic story.

ANTONIO, ALONZO, *and other Officers, enter.*

Jul. O noble friends,
Our wars are ended, are they not?

All. They are, Sir.

Jul. But Spain has now begun a civil war,
And to confound me only. See you my daughter?
She sounds the trumpet which draws forth my sword
To be revenged.

Alon. On whom? speak loud your wrongs;
Digest your choler into temperance;
Give your considerate thoughts the upper hand
In your hot passions, 'twill assuage the swelling
Of your big heart: if you have injuries done you,

Revenge them, and we second you.

Jacin. Father, dear father.

Jul. Daughter, dear daughter.

Jacin. Why do you kneel to me, Sir!

Jul. To ask thee pardon that I did beget thee.
I brought thee to a shame, stains all the way
'Twixt earth and Acheron: not all the clouds
(The skies' large canopy) could they drown the seas
With a perpetual inundation,
Can wash it ever out: leave me, I pray. [*Falls down.*

Alon. His fighting passion will be o'er anon,
And all will be at peace.

Ant. Best in my judgment
We wake him with the sight of his won honors.
Call up the army, and let them present
His prisoners to him: such a sight as that
Will brook no sorrow near it.

Jul. 'Twas a good doctor that prescrib'd that physic.
I'll be your patient, Sir; show me my soldiers,
And my new honors won: I will truly weigh them
With my full griefs, they may perhaps o'ercome.

Alon. Why now there's hopes of his recovery.

Jul. Jacinta, welcome, thou art my child still:
No forced stain of lust can alienate
Our consanguinity.

Jacin. Dear father,
Recollect your noble spirits: conquer grief,
The manly way: you have brave foes subdued,
Then let no female passions thus o'erwhelm you.

Jul. Mistake me not, my child, I am not mad,
Nor must be idle; for it were more fit
(If I could purchase more) I had more wit,
To help in these designs: I am grown old:
Yet I have found more strength within this arm,
Than (without proof) I durst ha' boasted on.
Roderick, thou king of monsters, couldst thou do this,
And for thy lust confine me from the court?
There's reason in thy shame, thou shouldst not see me.

Ha! they come, Jacinta, they come, hark, hark;
Now thou shalt see what cause I have given my king.

Vanquished Moors' address to the Sun.

Descend thy sphere, thou burning Deity.
Haste from our shame, go blushing to thy bed;
Thy sons* we are, thou everlasting Ball,
Yet never shamed these our impressive brows
Till now: we that are stampt with thine own seal,
Which the whole ocean cannot wash away,
Shall those cold ague cheeks that Nature moulds
Within her winter shop, those smooth white skins,
That with a palsy hand she paints the limbs,
Make us recoil?

Man's Heart.

I would fain know what kind thing a man's heart is.
——— were you never
At Barber Surgeons' Hall to see a dissection?
I will report it to you: 'tis a thing framed
With divers corners, and into every corner
A man may entertain a friend: (there came
The proverb, A man may love one well, and yet
Retain a friend in a corner.)——
———— tush, 'tis not
The real heart; but the unseen faculties.——
———Those I'll decipher unto you: (for surely
The most part are but ciphers.) The heart indeed
For the most part doth keep a better guest
Than himself in him; that is, the soul. Now the soul
Being a tree, there are divers branches spreading out of it,
As loving-affection, suffering-sorrows, and the like.
Then, Sir, these affections or sorrows being but branches,
Are sometimes lopt off, or of themselves wither;
And new shoot in their rooms: as for example;
Your friend dies, there appears sorrow, but it quickly
Withers; then is that branch gone. Again, you love a friend;

* "Children of the Sun."—*Zanga in the Revenge.*

There affection springs forth; at last you distaste;
Then that branch withers again, and another buds
In his room.

A NEW WONDER: A WOMAN NEVER VEXT. A COMEDY BY WILLIAM ROWLEY.

The Woman never Vext states her Case to a Divine.

WIDOW. DOCTOR.

Doc. You sent for me, gentlewoman?
Wid. Sir, I did, and to this end.
I have some scruples in my conscience;
Some doubtful problems which I cannot answer,
Nor reconcile; I'd have you make them plain.
Doc. This is my duty; pray speak your mind.
Wid. And as I speak, I must remember heaven
That gave those blessings which I must relate:
Sir, you now behold a wondrous woman;
You only wonder at the epithet;
I can approve it good: guess at mine age.
Doc. At the half-way 'twixt thirty and forty.
Wid. 'Twas not much amiss; yet nearest to the last.
How think you then, is not this a Wonder,
That a Woman lives full seven-and-thirty years,
Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
Now widow'd, and mine own; yet all this while,
From the extremest verge of my remembrance,
Even from my weaning hour unto this minute,
Did never taste what was calamity.
I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
A hundred ways for his acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That even those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turn'd a blessing. Is it not strange?
Doc. Unparallel'd; this gift is singular,
And to you alone belonging: you are the moon,

For there 's but one, all women else are stars,
For there are none of like condition.
Full oft and many have I heard complain
Of discontents, thwarts, and adversities;
But a second to yourself I never knew,
To groan under the superflux of blessings,
To have ever been alien unto sorrow.
No trip of fate? sure it is wonderful.

Wid. Aye, Sir, 'tis wonderful, but is it well?
For it is now my chief affliction.
I have heard you say that the Child of Heaven
Shall suffer many tribulations;
Nay, kings and princes share them with their subjects:
Then I that know not any chastisement,
How may I know my part of childhood?

Doc. 'Tis a good doubt; but make it not extreme.
'Tis some affliction that you are afflicted
For want of affliction: cherish that:
Yet wrest it not to misconstruction;
For all your blessings are free gifts from heaven,
Health, wealth, and peace; nor can they turn into
Curses, but by abuse. Pray, let me question you:
You lost a husband, was it no grief to you?

Wid. It was, but very small: no sooner I
Had given it entertainment as a sorrow,
But straight it turn'd unto my treble joy:
A comfortable revelation prompts me then,
That husband (whom in life I held so dear)
Had chang'd a frailty to unchanging joys:
Methought I saw him stellified in heaven,
And singing hallelujahs 'mongst a quire
Of white sainted souls: then again it spake,
And said, it was a sin for me to grieve
At his best good, that I esteemed best:
And thus this slender shadow of a grief
Vanish'd again.

Doc. All this was happy, nor
Can you wrest it from a heavenly blessing. Do not

Appoint the rod: leave still the stroke unto
The magistrate: the time is not past, but
You may feel enough.—

Wid. One taste more I had, although but little,
Yet I would aggravate to make the most on 't:
'Twas thus: the other day it was my hap,
In crossing of the Thames,
To drop that wedlock ring from off my finger,
That once conjoined me and my dear husband:
It sunk; I prized it dear; the dearer, 'cause it kept
Still in mine eye the memory of my loss:
Yet I grieved the loss; and did joy withal,
That I had found a grief. And this is all
The sorrow I can boast of.

Doc. This is but small.

Wid. Nay, sure, I am of this opinion,
That had I suffer'd a draught to be made for it,
The bottom would have sent it up again;
I am so wondrously fortunate.

Foster, a wealthy Merchant, has a profligate Brother, Stephen, whom Robert, Son to Foster, relieves out of Prison with some of his Father's money intrusted to him. For this, his Father turns him out of doors and disinherits him. Meantime, by a reverse of fortune, Stephen becomes rich; and Foster by losses in trade is thrown into the same Prison (Ludgate) from which his brother had been relieved. Stephen adopts his Nephew, on the condition that he shall not assist or go near his Father: but filial piety prevails, above the consideration either of his Uncle's displeasure, or of his Father's late unkindness; and he visits his father in Prison.

FOSTER. ROBERT.

Fos. O torment to my soul, what mak'st thou here?
Cannot the picture of my misery
Be drawn, and hung out to the eyes of men,
But thou must come to scorn and laugh at it?

Rob. Dear Sir, I come to thrust my back under your load,
To make the burthen lighter.

Fos. Hence from my sight, dissembling villain, go:
Thine uncle sends defiance to my wo,

And thou must bring it: hence, thou Basilisk,
That killst me with thine eyes. Nay, never kneel;
These scornful mocks more than my woes I feel.
Rob. Alas, I mock ye not, but come in love
And natural duty, Sir, to beg your blessing;
And for mine uncle ——
Fos. Him and thee I curse.
I'll starve ere I eat bread from his purse,
Or from thy hand: out, villain; tell that cur,
Thy barking uncle, that I lie not here
Upon my bed of riot, as he did,
Cover'd with all the villainies which man
Had ever woven; tell him I lie not so;
It was the hand of heaven struck me thus low,
And I do thank it. Get thee gone, I say,
Or I shall curse thee, strike thee; prithee away:
Or if thou'lt laugh thy fill at my poor state,
Then stay, and listen to the prison grate,
And hear thy father, an old wretched man,
That yesterday had thousands, beg and cry
To get a penny: Oh, my misery.
Rob. Dear Sir, for pity hear me.
Fos. Upon my curse I charge, no nearer come;
I'll be no father to so vile a son.
Rob. O my abortive fate,
Why for my good am I thus paid with hate?
From this sad place of Ludgate here I freed
An uncle, and I lost a father for it;
Now is my father here, whom if I succor,
I then must lose my uncle's love and favor.
My father once being rich, and uncle poor,
I him relieving was thrust forth of doors,
Baffled, reviled, and disinherited.
Now mine own father here must beg for bread,
Mine uncle being rich; and yet, if I
Feed him, myself must beg. Oh misery;
How bitter is thy taste; yet I will drink
Thy strongest poison; fret what mischief can,

I'll feed my father; though like the Pelican,
I peck mine own breast for him.

His Father appears above at the Grate, a Box hanging down.

Fos. Bread, bread, one penny to buy a loaf of bread, for the tender mercy.

Rob. O me my shame! I know that voice full well;
I'll help thy wants although thou curse me still.

He stands where he is unseen by his Father.

Fos. Bread, bread, some christian man send back
Your charity to a number of poor prisoners.
One penny for the tender mercy—

[ROBERT *puts in Money.*

The hand of heaven reward you, gentle Sir,
Never may you want, never feel misery;
Let blessings in unnumber'd measure grow,
And fall upon your head, where'er you go.

Rob. O happy comfort: curses to the ground
First struck me: now with blessings am I crown'd.*

Fos. Bread, bread, for the tender mercy, one penny for a loaf of bread.

Rob. I'll buy more blessings: take thou all my store;
I'll keep no coin and see my Father poor.

Fos. Good angels guard you, Sir, my prayers shall be
That heaven may bless you for this charity.

Rob. If he knew me, sure he would not say so:
Yet I have comfort, if by any means
I get a blessing from my father's hands.
How cheap are good prayers! a poor penny buys
That, by which man up in a minute flies
And mounts to heaven.

Enter STEPHEN.

Oh me, mine uncle sees me.

Step. Now, Sir, what makes you here
So near the prison?

* A blessing stolen at least as fairly as Jacob's was.

Rob. I was going, Sir,
To buy meat for a poor bird I have,
That sits so sadly in the cage of late,
I think he'll die for sorrow.
Step. So, Sir:
Your pity will not quit your pains, I fear me.
I shall find that bird (I think) to be that churlish wretch
Your father, that now has taken
Shelter here in Ludgate. Go to, Sir; urge me not,
You'd best; I have giv'n you warning: fawn not on him,
Nor come not near him if you'll have my love.
Rob. 'Las, Sir; that lamb
Were most unnatural that should hate the dam.
Step. Lamb me no lambs, Sir.
Rob. Good uncle, 'las, you know, when you lay here,
I succor'd you: so let me now help him.
Step. Yes, as he did me;
To laugh and triumph at my misery.
You freed me with his gold, but 'gainst his will:
For him I might have rotted, and lain still.
So shall he now.
Rob. Alack the day!
Step. If him thou pity, 'tis thine own decay.
Fos. Bread, bread, some charitable man remember the poor Prisoners, bread for the tender mercy, one penny.
Rob. O listen, uncle, that's my poor father's voice.
Step. There let him howl. Get you gone, and come not near him.
Rob. Oh my soul,
What tortures dost thou feel! earth ne'er shall find
A son so true, yet forc'd to be unkind.

Robert disobeys his Uncle's Injunctions, and again visits his Father.

FOSTER. WIFE. ROBERT.

Fos. Ha! what art thou? Call for the keeper there,
And thrust him out of doors, or lock me up.
Wife. O 'tis your son.
Fos. I know him not.

I am no king, unless of scorn and wo,
Why kneel'st thou then, why dost thou mock me so?
Rob. O my dear father, hither am I come,
Not like a threatening storm to increase your wrack,
For I would take all sorrows from your back,
To lay them all on my own.
Fos. Rise, mischief, rise; away, and get thee gone.
Rob. O if I be thus hateful to your eye,
I will depart, and wish I soon may die;
Yet let your blessing, Sir, but fall on me.
Fos. My heart still hates thee.
Wife. Sweet husband.
Fos. Get you both gone;
That misery takes some rest that dwells alone.
Away, thou villain.
Rob. Heaven can tell;
Ake but your finger, I to make it well
Would cut my hand off.
Fos. Hang thee, hang thee.
Wife. Husband.
Fos. Destruction meet thee. Turn the key there, ho.
Rob. Good Sir, I'm gone, I will not stay to grieve you.
Oh, knew you, for your woes what pains I feel,
You would not scorn me so. See, Sir, to cool,
Your heat of burning sorrow, I have got
Two hundred pounds, and glad it is my lot
To lay it down with reverence at your feet;
No comfort in the world to me is sweet,
Whilst thus you live in moan.
Fos. Stay.
Rob. Good truth, Sir, I'll have none of it back,
Could but one penny of it save my life.
Wife. Yet stay, and hear him: Oh unnatural strife
In a hard father's bosom.
Fos. I see mine error now: Oh, can there grow
A rose upon a bramble? did there e'er flow
Poison and health together in one tide?
I'm born a man: reason may step aside,

And lead a father's love out of the way:
Forgive me, my good boy, I went astray;
Look, on my knees I beg it: not for joy,
Thou bring'st this golden rubbish; which I spurn:
But glad in this, the heavens mine eye-balls turn,
And fix them right to look upon that face,
Where love remains with pity, duty, grace.
Oh my dear wronged boy.

Rob. Gladness o'erwhelms
My heart with joy: I cannot speak.

Wife. Crosses of this foolish world
Did never grieve my heart with torments more
Than it is now grown light
With joy and comfort of this happy sight.

[The old play-writers are distinguished by an honest boldness of exhibition, they show everything without being ashamed. If a reverse in fortune be the thing to be personified, they fairly bring us to the prison-gate and the alms-basket. A poor man on our stage is always a gentleman, he may be known by a peculiar neatness of apparel, and by wearing black. Our delicacy, in fact, forbids the dramatizing of Distress at all. It is never shown in its essential properties;* it appears but as the adjunct to some virtue, as some-

* Guzman de Alfarache in that good old book, "The Spanish Rogue," has summed up a few of the properties of poverty—"that poverty, which is not the daughter of the spirit, is but the mother of shame and reproach; it is a disreputation that drowns all the other good parts that are in man; it is a disposition to all kind of evil; it is man's most foe; it is a leprosy full of anguish; it is a way that leads unto hell; it is a sea wherein our patience is overwhelmed, our honor is consumed, our lives are ended, and our souls are utterly lost and cast away for ever. The poor man is a kind of money that is not current; the subject of every idle huswife's chat; the offscum of the people; the dust of the street, first trampled under foot and then thrown on the dunghill; in conclusion, the poor man is the rich man's ass. He dineth with the last, fareth of the worst, and payeth dearest: his sixpence will not go so far as a rich man's threepence; his opinion is ignorance; his discretion, foolishness; his suffrage, scorn; his stock upon the common, abused by many and abhorred of all. If he come in company, he is not heard; if any chance to meet him, they seek to shun him; if he advise, though never so wisely, they grudge and murmur at him; if he work miracles, they say he is a witch: if virtuous, that he goeth about to deceive; his venial sin is a blasphemy; his thought is made treason; his cause, be it

thing which is to be relieved, from the approbation of which relief the spectators are to derive a certain soothing of self-referred satisfaction. We turn away from the real essences of things to hunt after their relative shadows, moral duties: whereas if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves, and moral philosophy lose the name of a science.]

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN; A TRAGEDY. BY THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Livia, the Duke's creature, cajoles a poor Widow with the appearance of Hospitality and neighborly Attentions, that she may get her Daughter-in-Law (who is left in the Mother's care in the Son's absence) into her trains, to serve the Duke's pleasure.

LIVIA. WIDOW. *A Gentleman, Livia's Guest.*

Liv. Widow, come, come, I have a great quarrel to you,
Faith I must chide you that you must be sent for;
You make yourself so strange, never come at us,
And yet so near a neighbor, and so unkind;
Troth, you 're to blame; you cannot be more welcome
To any house in Florence, that I 'll tell you.

Wid. My thanks must needs acknowledge so much, madam.

Liv. How can you be so strange then? I sit here
Sometimes whole days together without company,
When business draws this gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society
Which I so well affect as that of yours.
I know you 're alone too; why should not we
Like two kind neighbors then supply the wants

never so just, it is not regarded; and, to have his wrongs righted, he must appeal to that other life. All men crush him; no man favoreth him; there is no man that will relieve his wants; no man that will comfort him in his miseries; nor no man that will bear him company, when he is all alone, and oppressed with grief. None help him; all hinder him; none give him, all take from him; he is debtor to none, and yet must make payment to all. O the unfortunate and poor condition of him that is poor, to whom even the very hours are sold, which the clock striketh, and pays custom for the sunshine in August."

Of one another, having tongue-discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps,
To laugh down time and meet age merrily?

Wid. Age, madam! you speak mirth: 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your Ladyship yet.

Liv. My faith, I 'm nine and thirty, every stroke, wench;
And 'tis a general observation
'Mongst knights; wives, or widows, we account ourselves
Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking at us.
Come, now I have thy company, I 'll not part with it
Till after supper.

Wid. Yes, I must crave pardon, madam.

Liv. I swear you shall stay supper; we have no strangers, woman,
None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir his ward; you know your company.

Wid. Some other time I will make bold with you, madam.

Liv. Faith she shall not go.
Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Wid. 'Tis a great while
Till supper time; I'll take my leave then now, madam,
And come again in the evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so.

Liv. In the evening! by my troth, wench,
I'll keep you while I have you; you've great business sure,
To sit alone at home; I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in 't. Were 't to me now,
I should be ever at one neighbor's house
Or other all day long; having no charge,
Or none to chide you, if you go, or stay,
Who may live merrier, aye, or more at heart's ease?
Come, we'll to chess or draughts, there are a hundred tricks
To drive out time till supper, never fear 't, wench.

[*A Chess-board is set.*

Wid. I'll but make one step home, and return straight, madam.

Liv. Come, I'll not trust you, you make more excuses
To your kind friends than ever I knew any.
What business can you have, if you be sure

You've lock'd the doors? and, that being all you have,
I know you're careful on't: one afternoon
So much to spend here! say I should entreat you now
To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
Or leave your own house for a month together;
It were a kindness that long neighborhood
And friendship might well hope to prevail in:
Would you deny such a request? i'faith
Speak truly and freely.

Wid. I were then uncivil, madam.

Liv. Go to then, set your men: we'll have whole nights
Of mirth together, ere we be much older, wench.

Wid. As good now tell her then, for she will know it;
I've always found her a most friendly lady. [*Aside.*

Liv. Why, widow, where's your mind?

Wid. Troth, even at home, madam.
To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman
Even sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to young bloods.

Liv. Another excuse.

Wid. No, as I hope for health, madam, that's a truth;
Please you to send and see.

Liv. What gentlewoman? pish.

Wid. Wife to my son indeed.

Liv. Now I beshrew you.
Could you be so unkind to her and me,
To come and not bring her? faith, 'tis not friendly.

Wid. I fear'd to be too bold.

Liv. Too bold! Oh what's become
Of the true hearty love was wont to be
'Mongst neighbors in old time?

Wid. And she's a stranger, madam.

Liv. The more should be her welcome: when is courtesy
In better practice, than when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining strangers. I could chide ye in faith.
Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman, alone too!
Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go.

Wid. Please you command one of your servants, madam.

Liv. Within there.—
Attend the gentlewoman. ———*

Brancha resists the Duke's attempt.

Bran. Oh treachery to honor!
Duke. Prithee tremble not.
I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on't.
Why art so fearful?
Bran. Oh my extremity!
My Lord, what seek you?
Duke. Love.
Bran. 'Tis gone already:
I have a husband.
Duke. That's a single comfort;
Take a friend to him.
Bran. That's a double mischief;
Or else there's no religion.
Duke. Do not tremble
At fears of thy own making.
Bran. Nor, great lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin,
Because they fear not you; me they must fright;
Then am I best in health: should thunder speak
And none regard it, it had lost the name,
And were as good be still. I'm not like those
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests;
Then wake I most, the weather fearfullest,
And call for strength to virtue. ———

Winding Sheet.

—— to have a being, and to live 'mongst men,
Is a fearful living and a poor one; let a man truly think on 't.
To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years

* This is one of those scenes which has the air of being an immediate transcript from life. Livia the "good neighbor" is as real a creature as one of Chaucer's characters She is such another jolly Housewife as the Wife of Bath

Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots:
Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
When even the very sheets they commit sin in
May prove for aught they know all their last garments.

Great Men's looks.

Did not the duke look up? methought he saw us.—
——That's every one's conceit that sees a duke,
If he look steadfastly, he looks straight at them:
When he perhaps, good careful gentleman,
Never minds any, but the look he casts
Is at his own intentions, and his object
Only the public good. ——

Weeping in Love.

Why should those tears be fetch'd forth! cannot love
Be even as well expressed in a good look,
But it must see her face still in a fountain?
It shows like a country maid dressing her head
By a dish of water: come, 'tis an old custom
To weep for love.

Lover's Chidings.

—prithee forgive me,
I did but chide in jest: the best loves use it
Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before 'em;
There's something sharp and salt, both to whet appetite,
And make 'em taste their wine well: so methinks,
After a friendly sharp and savory chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape.

Wedlock.

O thou the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock;
When all his thoughts like over-laden trees
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies.
O that's a fruit that ripens hastily,

After 'tis knit to marriage; it begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to show color. ——

Marrying the Adulteress, the Husband dead.

Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to 't? worse!
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honor,
That renders Virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful,
To her great master, be now made the garment
Of leprosy and foulness? is this penitence,
To sanctify hot lust? what is it otherways
Than worship done to devils? is this the best
Amends that sin can make after her riots!
As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice:
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
On wedlock's sacred altar.

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN: A COMEDY. BY THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Death.

———when the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle servingman below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming.
He that lives fourscore years, is but like one
That stays here for a friend: when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen again.

Loving a Woman.

——of all the frenzies
That follow flesh and blood,
The most ridiculous is to fawn on women;
There's no excuse for that: 'tis such a madness,
There is no cure set down for 't; no physician
Ever spent hour about it, for they guess'd

'Twas all in vain, when they first lov'd, themselves,
And never since durst practise: cry *heu mihi;*
That's all the help they have for 't. I'd rather meet
A witch far north than a fine fool in love;
The sight would less afflict me. But for modesty,
I should fall foul in words upon fond man,
That can forget his excellence and honor,
His serious meditations, being the end
Of his creation, to learn well to die;
And live a prisoner to a woman's eye.

Widow's Vow.

Lord Cardinal. Increase of health and a redoubled courage
To chastity's great soldier: what, so sad, Madam?
The memory of her seven years deceas'd Lord
Springs yet into her eyes, as fresh and full
As at the seventh hour after his departure.
What a perpetual fountain is her virtue!
Too much to afflict yourself with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength required:
Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis, Madam;
You need no weightier task.

Duch. Religious Sir,
You heard the last words of my dying Lord.

Lord Card. Which I shall ne'er forget.

Duch. May I entreat
Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me,
As near as memory can befriend your utterance:
That I may think awhile I stand in presence
Of my departing Husband.

Lord Card. What's your meaning
In this, most virtuous Madam?

Duch. 'Tis a courtesy
I stand in need of, Sir, at this time especially;
Urge it no farther yet: as it proves to me,
You shall hear from me; only I desire it
Effectually from you, Sir, that's my request.

Lord Card. I wonder; yet I'll spare to question farther;

You shall have your desire.

Duch. I thank you, Sir:
A blessing come along with it.

Lord Card. [*repeats*] "You see, my Lords, what all earth's glory is,
"Rightly defined in me, uncertain breath:
"A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
"To most not half the time. Beware ambition;
"Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submission.
"And you Lord Cardinal labor to perfect
"Good purposes begun, be what you seem,
"Stedfast and uncorrupt, your actions noble,
"Your goodness simple, without gain or art;
"And not in vesture holier than in heart.
"But 'tis a pain more than the pangs of death
"To think that we must part, fellows of life.—
"Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear Princess,
"Death had no sting, but for our separation;
"'Twould come more calm than an evening's peace,
"That brings on rest to labors: Thou art so precious,
"I should depart in everlasting envy
"Unto the man, that ever should enjoy thee.
"Oh a new torment strikes his face into me,
"When I but think on 't, I am rack'd and torn
"(Pity me) in thy virtues."

Duch. "My lov'd Lord,
"Let your confirm'd opinion of my life,
"My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
"Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
"Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses,
"To draw my affections to a second liking."

Lord Card. "It has ever been the promise, and the spring
"Of my great love to thee. For, once to marry
"Is honorable in woman, and her ignorance
"Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh;
"But second marriage shows desires in flesh;
"Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows:
"But she's part virgin, who but one man knows.

"I here expect a work of thy great faith:
"At my last parting I can crave no more;
"And with thy vow, I rest myself for ever;
"My soul and it shall fly to heaven together:
"Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
"And I go hence in peace."

Duch. "Then here I vow, never——"

Lord Card. Why, Madam——

Duch. I can go no further.

Lord Card. What, have you forgot your vow?

Duch. I have, too certainly.

Lord Card. Your vow? that cannot be; it follows now,
Just where I left.

Duch. My frailty gets before it;
Nothing prevails but ill.

Lord Card. What ail you, Madam?

Duch. Sir, *I'm in love.*

NO WIT / HELP } LIKE A WOMAN'S.

A COMEDY. BY THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Virtuous Poverty.

'Life, had he not his answer? what strange impudence
Governs in man, when lust is lord of him!
Thinks he me mad? 'cause I have no monies on earth,
That I'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
And live eternal beggar? he shall pardon me;
That's my soul's jointure; I'll starve ere I sell that.

Comfort.

——husband,
Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber:
Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream,
And this the opening morning of thy comforts.

Wipe the salt dew from off thy careful eyes,
And drink a draught of gladness next thy heart
To expel the infection of all poisonous sorrows.

Good and Ill Fortune.

O my blessing!
I feel a hand of mercy lift me up
Out of a world of waters, and now sets me
Upon a mountain, where the sun plays most,
To cheer my heart even as it dries my limbs.
What deeps I see beneath me! in whose falls
Many a nimble mortal toils,
And scarce can feed himself: the streams of fortune,
'Gainst which he tugs in vain, still beat him down,
And will not suffer him (past hand to mouth)
To lift his arm to his posterities' blessing.
I see a careful sweat run in a ring
About his temples, but all will not do:
For till some happy means relieve his state,
There he must stick and bide the wrath of fate.

Parting in Amity.

Let our Parting
Be full as charitable as our meeting was;
That the pale envious world, glad of the food
Of others' miseries, civil dissensions,
And nuptial strifes, may not feed fat with ours.

Meeting with a Wife supposed Dead.

O my reviving joy! thy quickening presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful spring upon my blood.
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words.

Mother's Forgiveness.

Moth. Why do your words start back? are they afraid
Of her that ever lov'd them?

Philip. I have a suit to you, Madam.

Moth. You have told me that already; pray, what is 't?
If 't be so great, my present state refuse it,
I shall be abler, then command and use it.
Whatever 't be, let me have warning to provide for 't.
Philip. Provide forgiveness then, for that's the want
My conscience feels. O, my wild youth has led me
Into unnatural wrongs against your freedom once.
I spent the ransom which my father sent,
To set my pleasures free; while you lay captive.
Moth. And is this all now?
You use me like a stranger: pray, stand up.
Philip. Rather fall flat: I shall deserve yet worse.
Moth. Whate'er your faults are, esteem me still a friend;
Or else you wrong me more in asking pardon
Than when you did the wrong you ask'd it for:
And since you have prepar'd me to forgive you.
Pray let me know for what; the first fault's nothing.
Philip. Here comes the wrong then that drives home the rest.
I saw a face at Antwerp, that drew me
From conscience and obedience; in that fray
I lost my heart, I must needs lose my way.
There went the ransome, to redeem my mind;
Stead of the money, I brought over her;
And to cast mists before my father's eyes,
Told him it was my sister (lost so long)
And that yourself was dead.—You see the wrong.
Moth. This is but youthful still—
I forgive thee
As freely as thou didst it. For alas,
This may be call'd good dealing, to some parts
That love and youth plays daily among sons.

THE WITCH; A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY THOMAS MIDDLETON.

HECATE, *and the other Witches, at their Charms.*

Hec. Titty and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgen, Liard and Robin!

White spirits, black spirits, grey spirits, red spirits,
Devil-toad, devil-ram, devil-cat, and devil-dam,
Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwain and Puckle!
Stad. Here, sweating at the vessel.
Hec. Boil it well.
Hop. It gallops now.
Hec. Are the flames blue enough,
Or shall I use a little seeten* more?
Stad. The nips of Fairies upon maids' white hips
Are not more perfect azure.
Hec. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
That I may fall to work upon these serpents,
And squeeze 'em ready for the second hour.
Why, when?
Stad. Here's Stadlin and the dish.
Hec. Here take this unbaptized brat:
Boil it well—preserve the fat:
You know 'tis precious to transfer
Our 'nointed flesh into the air,
In moonlight nights, o'er steeple tops,
Mountains, and pine trees, that like pricks, or stops,
Seem to our height: high towers, and roofs of princes,
Like wrinkles in the earth: whole provinces
Appear to our sight then even like
A russet mole upon some lady's cheek.
When hundred leagues in air, we feast and sing,
Dance, kiss, and coll, use everything:
What young man can we wish to pleasure us,
But we enjoy him in an Incubus?
Thou know'st it, Stadlin?
Stad. Usually that's done.
Hec. Away, in.
Go feed the vessel for the second hour.
Stad. Where be the magical herbs?
Hec. They 're down his throat,†
His mouth cramm'd full; his ears and nostrils stuft.

* Seething. † The dead Child's.

I thrust in Eleaselinum, lately
Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot.
You may see that, he looks so black i' th' mouth.
Then Sium, Acharum, Vulgaro too,
Dentaphillon, the blood of a flitter-mouse,
Solanum somnificum et oleum.
Stad. Then there's all, Hecate.
Hec. Is the heart of wax
Stuck full of magic needles ?
Stad. 'Tis done, Hecate.
Hec. And is the farmer's picture, and his wife's,
Laid down to the fire yet ?
Stad. They are a roasting both too.
Hec. Good ;
Then their marrows are a melting subtilly,
And three months' sickness sucks up life in 'em.
They denied me often flour, barm, and milk,
Goose-grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt their churnings,
Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor forespoke
Any of their breedings. Now I'll be meet with 'em.
Seven of their young pigs I have bewitch'd already
Of the last litter, nine ducklings, thirteen goslings and a hog
Fell lame last Sunday, after even-song too.
And mark how their sheep prosper ; or what soup
Each milch-kine gives to th' pail : I'll send these snakes
Shall milk 'em all before hand : the dew'd skirted dairy wench
Shall stroke dry dugs for this, and go home cursing :
I'll mar their sillabubs, and swarthy feastings
Under cows' bellies, with the parish youths.

SEBASTIAN *consults the* WITCH *for a Charm to be revenged on his successful Rival.*

Hec. Urchins, elves, hags, satires, pans, fawns, silence.
Kit with the candlestick ; tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, imps.
The spoon, the mare, the man i' th' oak, the hellwain, the fire-drake, the puckle. A. ab. hur. hus.
Seb. Heaven knows with what unwillingness and hate
I enter this damn'd place : but such extremes

Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,
That were I led by this disease to deaths
As numberless as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way.—I know what 'tis
To pity mad men now: they're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making and her faithless vows.
I fear they're now a kissing: what's a clock?
'Tis now but supper time: but night will come,
And all new-married couples make short suppers.
Whate'er thou art, I have no spare time to fear thee;
My horrors are so strong and great already
That thou seem'st nothing: Up and laze not;
Hadst thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so;
'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile,
Beyond thy ointments: I would I were read
So much in thy black pow'r, as mine own griefs.
I'm in great need of help: wilt give me any?

Hec. Thy boldness takes me bravely; we are all sworn
To sweat for such a spirit; see; I regard thee,
I rise, and bid thee welcome. What's thy wish now?

Seb. Oh my heart swells with 't. I must take breath first.

Hec. Is 't to confound some enemy on the seas?
It may be done to-night. Stadlin's within;
She raises all your sudden ruinous storms
That shipwreck barks; and tears up growing oaks;
Flies over houses, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney (a sweet place for 't,
He would be hang'd ere he would set his own years there;
They must be chamber'd in a five pound picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on 't,
His rotten diseas'd years)! Or dost thou envy
The fat prosperity of any neighbor?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle:
Blast vine-yards, orchards, meadows; or in one night
Transport his dung, hay, corn, by reeks, whole stacks,
Into thine own ground.

Seb. This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier: But my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or wines:
'Twill trouble your best pow'rs to give me ease.
Hec. Is it to starve up generation?
To strike a barrenness in man or woman?
Seb. Hah!
Hec. Hah! Did you feel me there? I knew your grief.
Seb. Can there be such things done?
Hec. Are these the skins
Of serpents? these of snakes?
Seb. I see they are.
Hec. So sure into what house these are convey'd
Knit with these charms, and retentive knots,
Neither the man begets, nor woman breeds,
No, nor performs the least desire of wedlock,
Being then a mutual duty; I could give thee
Chiroconita, Adincantida,
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could sort to villainous barren ends;
But this leads the same way: More I could instance:
As the same needles thrust into their pillows
That sow and sock up dead men in their sheets:
A privy grissel of a man that hangs
After sun set: Good, excellent: yet all's there, Sir.
Seb. You could not do a man that special kindness
To part them utterly, now? Could you do that?
Hec. No: time must do 't: we cannot disjoin wedlock;
'Tis of heaven's fastening: well may we raise jars,
Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master
Upon that patient* miracle; but the work itself
Our power cannot disjoin.
Seb. I depart happy
In what I have then, being constrain'd to this:
And grant, you greater powers that dispose men

* Job.

That I may never need this hag again. [*Exit.*

Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on 't;
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this:
And that we are sworn to the first oath we take.

HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, *with the other Witches, preparing for their midnight journey through the Air.* FIRESTONE, HECATE'S *Son.*

Hec. The moon's a gallant: see how brisk she rides.
Stad. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.
Hec. Ay, is 't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand mile?
Hop. Ours will be more to-night.
Hec. Oh 'twill be precious.
Heard you the owl yet!
Stad. Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still:
The very screech owl lights upon your shoulder,
And wooes you like a pigeon. Are you furnish'd?
Have you your ointments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I 'll overtake you swiftly.
Stad. Hie thee, Hecate:
We shall be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach you quickly. [*The other Witches mount.*
Fire. They are all going a birding to-night. They talk of fowls in the air, that fly by day; I am sure, they 'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night. If we have not mortality offer'd,* I 'll be hanged; for they are able to putrify it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

* Probably the true reading is *after 't.*

Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son?

Fire. A little sweeter than some of you; or a dunghill were too good for me.

Hec. How much hast here?

Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards, and three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Dear and sweet boy: what herbs hast thou?

Fire. I have some Marmartin and Mandragon.

Hec. Marmaritin and Mandragora thou wouldst say.

Fire. Here 's Pannax too: I thank thee, my pan akes I am sure
With kneeling down to cut 'em.

Hec. And Selago,
Hedge hysop too: how near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moon-light?

Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am a moon-calf, mother.

Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to the house to-night; I am for aloft.

Fire. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly. Hark, hark, mother; they are above the Steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

Hec. They are indeed. Help me, help me; I'm too late else.

Song in the Air.

Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away.

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] Here.

Hec. Where's Puckle?

[*Above.*]——Here:
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you; we lack but you:
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

[*A spirit like a Cat descends.*

[*Above.*]——There's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a slip of blood:
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. Oh art thou come?
What news, what news?

Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the Cat sings a brave treble in her own language.

Hec. [*Going up.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet Spirit and I.
Oh what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas (our mistress' fountains),
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's-breach,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.

[*Above.*]——No ring of bells, &c.

Fire. Well, mother, I thank your kindness; you must be
Gamboling in the air, and leave me to walk here like a fool and a mortal. * * * * * * *

A Duchess consults the Witch about inflicting a sudden Death.

DUCHESS. HECATE. FIRESTONE.

Hec. What death is 't you desire for Almachildes?

Duch. A sudden and a subtle.

Hec. Then I 've fitted you.
Here lie the gifts of both; sudden and subtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten

By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.
Duch. In what time prithee ?
Hec. Perhaps in a moon's progress.
Duch. What, a month ?
Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious :
Give me things with some life.
Hec. Then seek no farther.
Duch. This must be done with speed, dispatch'd this night,
If it be possible.
Hec. I have it for you :
Here 's that will do 't : stay but perfection's time,
And that' s not five hours hence.
Duch. Canst thou do this ?
Hec. Can I ?
Duch. I mean, so closely ?
Hec. So closely do you mean too ?
Duch. So artfully, so cunningly ?
Hec. Worse and worse. Doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know :
Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere suos ; concussaque sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta ; nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco : ventos abigoque, vocoque.
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces ;
Et sylvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugiere solum, manesque exire sepulchris.
Te quoque, Luna, traho.
Can you doubt me then, daughter ;
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk :
Whole earth's foundations bellow, and the spirits
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles ;
Nay, draw yon Moon to my involv'd designs ?
Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother 's mad, and our
Great cat angry ; for one spits French then, and the other spits Latin.
Duch. I did not doubt you, mother.

Hec. No! what, did you?
My power 's so firm, it is not to be question'd.
Duch. Forgive what 's past; and now I know th' offensiveness
That vexes art, I 'll shun the occasion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.
It shall be convey'd in at howlet-time.
Take you no care. My spirits know their moments:
Raven or screech-owl never fly by the door
But they call in (I thank 'em) and they lose not by 't.
I give 'em barley soak'd in infant's blood:
They shall have semina cum sanguine,
Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come once to our house:
We are no niggard.——
Fire. They fare but too well when they come hither: they ate up as much the other night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.
Hec. Give me some lizard's brain, quickly, Firestone.
Where 's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest of the sisters?
Fire. All at hand, forsooth.
[*The other Witches appear.*
Hec. Give me Marmaritin; some Bear-breech: when?
Fire. Here 's Bear-breech and lizard's brain, forsooth.
Hec. Into the vessel;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girl
I kill'd last midnight.
Fire. Whereabout, sweet mother?
Hec. Hip; hip, or flank. Where 's the Acopus?
Fire. You shall have Acopus, forsooth.
Hec. Stir, stir about; whilst I begin the charm.

A Charm Song about a Vessel.

Hec. Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

First Witch. Here 's the blood of a bat.
Hec. Put in that, oh, put in that.
Sec. Witch. Here 's libbard's bane.
Hec. Put in again.
First Witch. The juice of toad ; the oil of adder.
Sec. Witch. Those will make the younker madder.
Hec. Put in, there 's all, and rid the stench.
Fire. Nay, here 's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.
All. Round, around, around, &c.
Hec. So, so, enough : into the vessel with it.
There ; 't hath the true perfection : I am so light*
At any mischief, there's no villainy
But is a tune methinks.
Fire. A tune ! 'tis to the tune of damnation then, I warrant you,
And that song hath a villainous burthen.
Hec. Come my sweet sisters, let the air strike our tune ;
Whilst we show reverence to yon peeping moon.
[*The Witches dance, et Exeunt.*

[Though some resemblance may be traced between the Charms in Macbeth, and the incantations in this Play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His witches are distinguished from the Witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spell bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These Witches can hurt the body : those have power over the soul.—Hecate in Middleton has a Son, a low buffoon : the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul Anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them.—Except Hecate, they have no names ; which heightens their mysteriousness. Their names, and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot coexist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*]

* Light-hearted.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON; A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY WILLIAM ROWLEY, THOMAS DECKER, JOHN FORD, &c.

MOTHER SAWYER (*before she turns Witch*) *alone.*

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself;
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me Witch,
And being ignorant, of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse:
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it.*

BANKS, *a Farmer, enters.*

Banks. Out, out upon thee, Witch.
Saw. Dost call me Witch?
Banks. I do, Witch, I do:
And worse I would, knew I a name more hateful.
What makest thou upon my ground?
Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.
Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly;
I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.
Saw. You won't? churl, cut-throat, miser: there they be.
Would they stuck cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff——
Banks. Say'st thou me so? Hag, out of my ground.
Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon? Now thy bones aches, thy joints cramps,
And convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews.

* This Soliloquy anticipates all that Addison has said in the conclusion of the 117th Spectator.

Banks. Cursing, thou hag? take that, and that. [*Exit.*

Saw. Strike, do: and wither'd may that hand and arm
Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten trunk.
Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!
What is the name, where, and by what art learn'd?
What spells, or charms, or invocations,
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?
——————————I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness: made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
Talk of Familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
That have appear'd: and suck'd, some say, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I'm now ignorant. Would some power good or bad
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruined cottage, ready to fall with age:
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,
And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
Or anything that's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one
To be a witch as to be counted one.

She gets a familiar which serves her in the likeness of a Black Dog

MOTHER SAWYER. *Familiar.*

Saw. I am dried up
With cursing and with madness; and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thine hind-legs up. Kiss me, my Tommy;
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? Let's tickle.
Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?

Famil. Yes, and nipt the sucking-child.
Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,
My little pearl. No lady loves her hound,
Monkey, or parakeet, as I do thee.
Famil. The maid has been churning butter nine hours, but it shall not come.
Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and choak.
Famil. I had rare sport
Among the clowns in the morrice.
Saw. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl-pate,
That jade, that foul-tongued——Nan Ratcliff,
Who, for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
Struck, and had almost lamed it: did not I charge thee
To pinch that quean to the heart? * * * *

Her Familiar absents himself: she invokes him.

Saw. ——————Not see me in three days?
I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come;
Revenge to me is sweeter far than life;
Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me: Oh, my best love,
I am on fire (even in the midst of ice)
Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my darling,
If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me
In some dark cloud; and, as I oft have seen
Dragons and serpents in the elements,
Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' the sea!
Muster up all the monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them: so that my bulch
Show but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from hell, I care not; could I run
Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to find out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it.—Not yet come?
I must then fall to my old prayer: *sanctibiceter nomen tuum.*

He comes in White.

Saw. Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love?

Famil. I am dogged, list not to tell thee, yet to torment thee,
My whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding sheet.

Saw. Am I near death?

Famil. Be blasted with the news.
Whiteness is day's footboy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivel'd face: villainies are stript naked, the witch must be beaten out of her cockpit.

Saw. Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black color,
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan-paleness.——

[Mother Sawyer differs from the hags of Middleton or Shakspeare. She is the plain traditional old woman Witch of our ancestors; poor, deformed and ignorant; the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice. That should be a hardy sheriff, with the power of a county at his heels, that would lay hands on the Weird Sisters. They are of another jurisdiction. But upon the common and received opinion the author (or authors) have engrafted strong fancy. There is something frightfully earnest in her invocations to the Familiar.]

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDY; OR, THE HONEST MAN'S REVENGE. BY CYRIL TOURNEUR.

D'Amville (the Atheist) with the aid of his wicked instrument, Borachio, murders his Brother, Montferrers, for his Estate. After the deed is done, Borachio and he talk together of the circumstances which attended the murder.

D'Am. Here's a sweet comedy, begins with *O dolentis*, and concludes with ha, ha, he.

Bor. Ha, ha, he.

D'Am. O my echo! I could stand reverberating this sweet musical air of joy, till I had perished my sound lungs with violent laughter. Lovely night-raven, thou hast seized a carcase?

Bor. Put him out on's pain. I lay so fitly underneath the bank from whence he fell, that ere his faltering tongue could utter double O, I knocked out his brains with this fair ruby; and had another stone just of this form and bigness ready, that I had laid in the broken scull upon the ground for his pillow, against the which they thought he fell and perished.

D'Am. Upon this ground I'll build my manor house,
And this shall be chiefest corner stone.

Bor. This crown'd the most judicious murder, that
The brain of man was e'er deliver'd of.

D'Am. Aye, mark the plot. Not any circumstance
That stood within the reach of the design,
Of persons, dispositions, matter, time,
Or place, but by this brain of mine was made
An instrumental help; yet nothing from
The induction to the accomplishment seem'd forced,
Or done o' purpose, but by accident.

[*Here they reckon up the several circumstances.*

Bor. Then darkness did
Protect the execution of the work
Both from prevention and discovery.

D'Am. Here was a murder bravely carried through
The eye of observation, unobserved.

Bor. And those that saw the passage of it, made
The instruments; yet knew not what they did.

D'Am. That power of rule, philosophers ascribe
To him they call the Supreme of the Stars,
Making their influences governors
Of sublunary creatures, when theirselves
Are senseless of their operations. [*Thunder and lightning.*
What! dost start at thunder? Credit my belief, 'tis a mere effect of nature, an exhalation hot and dry, involved within a watry vapor in the middle region of the air, whose coldness congealing that thick moisture to a cloud, the angry exhalation shut within a prison of contrary quality, strives to be free; and with the violent

eruption through the grossness of that cloud, makes this noise we hear.

Bor. 'Tis a fearful noise.

D'Am. 'Tis a brave noise; and, methinks, graces our accomplished project, as a peal of ordnance does a triumph. It speaks encouragement. Now nature shows thee how it favor'd our performance: to forbear this noise when we set forth, because it should not terrify my brother's going home, which would have dashed our purpose: to forbear this lightning in our passage, lest it should ha' warned him of the pitfall. Then propitious nature winked at our proceeding; now, it doth express how that forbearance favor'd our success. * * * * *

Drowned Soldier.

——— walking upon the fatal shore,
Among the slaughter'd bodies of their men,
Which the full-stomach'd sea had cast upon
The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
Upon a face, whose favor when it lived
My astonish'd mind inform'd me I had seen.
He lay in his armor, as if that had been
His coffin; and the weeping sea (like one
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew) runs up
The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek;
Goes back again, and forces up the sands
To bury him; and every time it parts,
Sheds tears upon him; till at last (as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him) with
A kind of unresolv'd unwilling pace,
Winding her waves one in another (like
A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands
For grief) ebb'd from the body, and descends;
As if it would sink down into the earth,
Aud hide itself for shame of such a deed.*

* This way of description, which seems unwilling ever to leave off,

Match Refused.

I entertain the offer of this match,
With purpose to confirm it presently.
I have already mov'd it to my daughter;
Her soft excuses savor'd at the first
Methought but of a modest innocence
Of blood, whose unmov'd stream was never drawn
Into the current of affection. But when I
Replied with more familiar arguments,
Thinking to make her apprehension bold;
Her modest blush fell to a pale dislike,
And she refus'd it with such confidence,
As if she had been prompted by a love
Inclining firmly to some other man;
And in that obstinacy she remains.

Love and Courage.

O do not wrong him. 'Tis a generous mind
That led his disposition to the war;
For gentle love and noble courage are
So near allied, that one begets another:
Or love is sister, and courage is the brother.
Could I affect him better than before,
His soldier's heart would make me love him more.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. BY CYRIL TOURNEUR.

Vindici addresses the Scull of his dead Lady.

Thou sallow picture of my poison'd love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betroth'd lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
These ragged imperfections:

weaving parenthesis within parenthesis, was brought to its height by Sir Philip Sidney. He seems to have set the example to Shakspeare. Many beautiful instances may be found all over the Arcadia. These bountiful Wits always give full measure, pressed down and running over.

When two heav'n-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings —— then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man (if such there be
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
O she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father fifty years told,
To have consum'd, and yet his suit been cold.

Again.

Here 's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God;
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run thro' 'em,
Here 's a cheek keeps her color let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All 's one with us: and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet?
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labors
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing? keep his horse and men,
To beat their valors for her?
Surely we 're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not.
Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous outside, for all this?

Who now bids twenty pound a night? prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweet meats? all are hush'd.
Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antick amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes,
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself.—See ladies, with false forms,
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.*

Vindici, having disguised himself, makes trial of his Sister Castiza's virtue; and afterwards of his Mother's.

VINDICI. CASTIZA.

Vin. Lady, the best of wishes to your sex,
Fair skins and new gowns. [*Offers her a letter.*

Cast. Oh, they shall thank you, Sir.
Whence this?

Vin. Oh, from a dear and worthy friend.

Cast. From whom?

Vin. The duke's son.

Cast. Receive that. [*A Box o' the Ear to her Brother.*
I swore I would put anger in my hand.
And pass the virgin limits of myself,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek,
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for 't:
Tell him my honor shall have a rich name,

* The male and female Skeleton in Gondibert is the finest lecture of mortification which has been read from bones.

This dismal gallery, lofty, long and wide,
Was hung with Skeletons of every kind;
Human, and all that learned human pride
Thinks made to obey man's high immortal mind.
Yet on that wall hangs He, too, who so thought:
And she, dried by Him, who that He obey'd.

When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewell; commend me to him in my hate. [*Exit.*
Vin. It is the sweetest box
That e'er my nose came nigh;
The finest draw-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I 'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still henceforward take the wall of this.
Oh, I 'm above my tongue: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honorable shown;
Many are call'd by their honor, that have none.
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, tho' I know,
A siren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mass, fitly here she comes! thanks, my disguise—

The Mother enters.

Madam, good afternoon.
Moth. Y 'are welcome, Sir.
Vin. The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.
Moth. I think myself much honor'd, that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.
Vin. So may you, lady:
One that is like to be our sudden duke;
The crown gapes for him every tide; and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him
E'en with anything almost!
Moth. Ay, save their honor.
Vin. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in 't, ne'er be seen in 't, mark you,
I 'd wink and let it go.
Moth. Marry but I would not.
Vin. Marry but I would, I hope, I know you would too.
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.

To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning
(For his white father does but mould away)
Has long desir'd your daughter.

Moth. Desir'd?

Vin. Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter;
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; madam, I know you 're poor.
And (lack the day!) there are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despised.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, Chastity.

Moth. O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother
To such a most unnatural task.

Vin. No, but a thousand angels can;
Men have no power, angels must work you to 't:
The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive—still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others' daughters
Spring with the dew of the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd—by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast,
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men; and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho' it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.

Moth. O heavens! this o'ercomes me!

Vin. Not I hope already? [*Aside.*

Moth. It is too strong for me; men know that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us:

He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate. [*Aside.*
Vin. I even quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge.
I fear me she 's unmother'd, yet I'll venture. [*Aside.*
What think you now, lady? speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said,
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:
Did it not, Madam? but I 'll swear it does
In many places; but this age fears no man,
'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.
Moth. Aye, that 's the comfort on 't.
Vin. The comfort on 't!—
I keep the best for last. Can these persuade you
To forget heaven—and— [*Offers her money.*
Moth. Ay, these are they—
Vin. Oh!
Moth. That enchant our sex;
These are the means that govern our affections,—
That woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you:
I blush to think what for your sakes I 'll do.
Vin. O suffering heaven! with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself.
[*Aside.*
Moth. Look you, Sir.
Vin. Hollo.
Moth. Let us thank your pains.
Vin. O you are a kind Madam.
Moth. I 'll see how I can move.
Vin. Your words will sting.
Moth. If she be still chaste, I 'll ne'er call her mine.
Vin. Spoke truer than you meant it!
Moth. Daughter Castiza——
Cast. [*within.*] Madam!
Vin. O she 's yonder, meet her.
Troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.

Your dam nas devils enough to take her part.

[CASTIZA *returns.*

Cast. Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd man
In presence of you?

Moth. Why?

Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonorable act.

Moth. Dishonorable act?—good honorable fool.
That wouldst be honest, 'cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will;
And it has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? poor people: ignorant people;
The better sort, I 'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives
But by our betters' actions? oh, if thou knew'st
What 'twere to lose it, thou wouldst never keep it;
But there 's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades.
Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!

Cast. I cry you mercy, lady, I mistook you;
Pray did you see my mother? which way went you?
Pray God I have not lost her.

Vin. Prettily put by. [*Aside.*

Moth. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
Do you not know me now?

Cast. Why, are you she?
The world 's so chang'd, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.

Vin. Most right, i' faith. [*Aside.*

Moth. I owe your cheek my hand
For that presumption now, but I 'll forget it;
Come, you shall leave those childish 'haviors,
And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you.
What will you be a girl?
If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.

Cast. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now

It does not show so well out of your mouth ;
Better in his.
Vin. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I 'll seem no less. [*Aside.*
I wonder, lady, your own mother's words
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge ; what 's honesty ?
'Tis but heaven's beggar ; and what woman is so foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself? no,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
A maid that has small portion now, intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends.
How blest are you ! you have happiness alone ;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one ;
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with jewels, and petitionary people
Start at your presence.
O think upon the pleasure of the palace !
Secured ease and state ! the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when they're eaten !
Banquets abroad by torch-light ! music ! sports !
Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em !
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—
Cast. Aye, to the devil—
Vin. Aye, to the devil ! to the duke, by my faith.
Moth. Aye, to the duke. Daughter, you'd scorn to think
Of the devil, and you were there once.
Vin. Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself
Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts ?—
Fair trees, those comely foretops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires :—much untold—

All thrives but chastity, she lies cold.
Nay, shall I come near to you? mark but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer profession? that's accounted best, that's best followed; least in trade, least in fashion; and that's not honesty, believe it; and do but note the low and dejected price of it:
Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it:
But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?

Moth. Troth, he says true.

Cast. False: I defy you both.
I have endur'd you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Moth. Where?

Cast. Do you not see her? she's too inward then.
Slave, perish in thy office. You heavens please,
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me; yet I've outgone you. [*Exit.*

Vin. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities! [*Aside.*

Moth. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own;
Women with women can work best alone. [*Exit.*

Vin. Forgive me, heaven, to call my mother wicked!
O lessen not my days upon the earth.
I cannot honor her.

The Brothers, Vindici and Hippolito, threaten their Mother with Death for consenting to the Dishonor of their Sister.

Vin. O thou for whom no name is bad enough.

Moth. What mean my sons? what, will you murther me?

Vin. Wicked unnatural parent!

Hip. Friend of women!

Moth. Oh! are sons turn'd monsters! help!

Vin. In vain.

Moth. Are ye so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?

Vin. That breast
Is turn'd to quarled poison.
Moth. Cut not your days for 't. Am not I your mother?
Vin. Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.
Moth. A bawd! O name far loathsomer than hell!
Hip. It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.
Moth. I hate it.
Vin. Ah, is it possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?
Moth. Dissemble!
Vin. Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow of the world's condition hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his purpose?
Moth. Who, I?
That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent. None lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander.
Good son, believe it not.
Vin. Oh, I'm in doubt
Whether I am myself or no—
Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be saved when mothers have no grace?
[*Resumes his Disguise.*
Hip. 'Twould make one half despair.
Vin. I was the man.
Defy me now, let's see, do 't modestly.
Moth. O hell unto my soul!
Vin. In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Tried you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.
Moth. O no,
No tongue but yours could have bewitched me so.
Vin. O nimble in damnation, quick in turn!
There is no devil could strike fire so soon.
I am confuted in a word.

Moth. Oh sons,
Forgive me, to myself I'll prove more true;
You that should honor me, I kneel to you.
Vin. A mother to give aim to her own daughter!
Hip. True, brother; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Though many mothers do it.
Vin. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed.
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother it rains, 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.
Hip. 'Tis done.
Vin. I' faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul
Have been long dry; pour down, thou blessed dew.
Rise, mother; troth, this shower has made you higher.
Moth. O you heavens!
Take this infectious spot out of my soul;
I'll rince it in seven waters of mine eyes.
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep is to our sex naturally given;
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.
Vin. Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother:
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honorably love her.
Hip. Let it be.
Vin. For honest women are so seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax! do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead!
All mothers that had any graceful hue,
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you.
It would have grown to this, at your foul name
Green-color'd maids would have turn'd red with shame.
Hip. And then our sister, full of hire and baseness—
Vin. There had been boiling lead again!
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth-o'-silver slut,
To have her train borne up, and her soul trail in the dirt!

Hip. To be great, miserable ; to be rich, eternally wretched.

Vin. O common madness !

Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honor good.
Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son
In private ; why, she first begins with one
Who afterwards to thousands proves a whore :
Break ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Moth. Most certainly applied.

Hip. O brother, you forget our business.

Vin. And well remember'd ; joy's a subtil elf ;
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.
Farewell, once dry, now holy-water'd mead ;
Our hearts wear feathers that before wore lead.

Moth. I'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better for, and 'gainst the devil than you.

Vin. You make me proud on 't.

Hip. Commend us in all virtue to our sister.

Vin. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.

Moth. With my best words.

Vin. Why that was motherly said.*

Castiza seems to consent to her Mother's wicked motion.

CASTIZA. MOTHER.

Cast. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That, what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.

Moth. Content, to what ?

Cast. To do as you have wish'd me :
To prostitute my breast to the duke's son,
And put myself to common usury.

* The reality and life of this Dialogue passes any scenical illusion I ever felt. I never read it but my ears tingle, and I feel a hot blush spread my cheeks, as if I were presently about to "proclaim" some such "malefactions" of myself, as the Brothers here rebuke in their unnatural parent; in words more keen and dagger-like than those which Hamlet speaks to his mother. Such power has the passion of shame truly personated, not only to "strike guilty creatures unto the soul," but to "appal" even those that are "free."

Moth. I hope you will not so.
Cast. Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be saved in.
Moth. Truth, but it is.
Cast. Do not deceive yourself.
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.
What would you now: are ye not pleas'd yet with me?
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious,
Than I intend to be.
Moth. Strike not me cold.
Cast. How often have you charg'd me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman! when you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me; that did more:
The mother's curse is heavy; where that fights,
Sons set in storm and daughters lose their lights.
Moth. Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual light within thee,
O let my breath revive it to a flame.
Put not all out with woman's wilful follies.
I am recover'd of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers; kind, forgive me,
Make me not sick in health! if then
My words prevail'd, when they were wickedness,
How much more now, when they are just and good!
Cast. I wonder what you mean; are not you she,
For whose infect persuasions, I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers; and had much ado,
In three hours' reading, to untwist so much
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me!
Moth. 'Tis unfruitful held, tedious, to repeat what's past.
I'm now your present mother.
Cast. Pish, now 'tis too late.
Moth. Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou say'st.
Cast. No! deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me.
What will the deed do then?
Advancement! true; as high as shame can pitch!

For treasure: who e'er knew a Harlot rich?
Or could build by the purchase of her sin
An hospital to keep their bastards in?
The duke's son! oh; when women are young courtiers,
They are sure to be old beggars.
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thou'dst wish thyself unborn when thou'rt unchaste.
Cast. O mother, let me twine about your neck,
And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips;
I did but this to try you.
Moth. O speak truth.
Cast. Indeed I did not; for no tongue hath force
To alter me from honest:
If maidens would, men's words could have no power;
A virgin's honor is a crystal tower,
Which being weak is guarded with good spirits;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.
Moth. O happy child! faith, and thy birth, hath saved me,
'Mongst thousand daughters, happiest of all others;
Buy thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers.

Evil Report after Death.

What is it to have
A flattering false insculption on a tomb,
And in men's hearts reproach? the 'bowel'd corps
May be sear'd in, but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their sear-clothes break.

Bastards.

Oh what a grief 'tis that a man should live
But once in the world, and then to live a Bastard?
The curse of the womb, the thief of nature,
Begot against the seventh commandment,
Half damn'd in the conception by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

Too nice respects in Courtship.

Ceremony has made many fools.
It is as easy way unto a duchess

As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves.

THE DEVIL'S LAW CASE; OR, WHEN WOMEN GO TO LAW, THE DEVIL IS FULL OF BUSINESS. A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY JOHN WEBSTER.

Contarino challenges Ercole to fight him for the possession of Jolenta, whom they both love.

Con. Sir; my love to you has proclaim'd you one,
Whose word was still led by a noble thought,
And that thought follow'd by as fair a deed:
Deceive not that opinion: we were students
At Padua together, and have long
To the world's eye shown like friends.
Was it hearty on your part to me?

Erc. Unfained.

Con. You are false
To the good thought I held of you; and now,
Join the worst part of man to you, your malice,
To uphold that falsehood. Sacred innocence
Is fled your bosom. Signor, I must tell you;
To draw the picture of unkindness truly,
Is to express two that have dearly loved,
And fall'n at variance. 'Tis a wonder to me,
Knowing my interest in the fair Jolenta,
That you should love her.

Erc. Compare her beauty and my youth together,
And you will find the fair effects of love
No miracle at all.

Con. Yes, it will prove
Prodigious to you: I must stay your voyage.

Erc. Your warrant must be mighty.

Con. 'Tis a seal

From heaven to do it, since you'd ravish from me
What's there intitled mine ; and yet I vow,
By the essential front of spotless virtue,
I have compassion of both our youths :
To approve which, I have not tane the way
Like an Italian, to cut your throat
By practice that had giv'n you now for dead
And never frown'd upon you.
You must fight with me.

Erc. I will, Sir.

Con. And instantly.

Ere. I will haste before you. Point whither.

Con. Why, you speak nobly ; and, for this fair dealing,
Were the rich jewel (which we vary for)
A thing to be divided, by my life,
I would be well content to give you half:
But since 'tis vain to think we can be friends,
Tis needful one of us be tane away
From being the other's enemy.

Erc. Yet, methinks,
This looks not like a quarrel.

Con. Not a quarrel !

Erc. You have not apparelled your fury well ;
It goes too plain, like a scholar.

Con. It is an ornament,
Makes it more terrible ; and you shall find it
A weighty injury, and attended on
By discreet valor ; because I do not strike you,
Or give you the lie (such foul preparatives
Would show like the stale injury of wine)
I reserve my rage to sit on my sword's piont ;
Which a great quantity of your best blood
Can't satisfy.

Erc. You promise well to yourself.
Shall 's have no seconds ?

Con. None, for fear of prevention.

Erc. The length of our weapons——

Con. We'll fit them by the way :

So whether our time calls us to live or die,
Let us do both like noble gentlemen,
And true Italians.

Erc. For that, let me embrace you.

Con. Methinks, being an Italian, I trust you
To come somewhat too near me:
But your jealousy gave that embrace, to try
If I were arm'd; did it not?

Erc. No, believe me.
I take your heart to be sufficient proof
Without a privy coat: and, for my part,
A taffaty is all the shirt of mail
I am arm'd with.

Con. You deal equally.*

Sitting for a picture.

Must you have my Picture?
You will enjoin me to a strange punishment.
With what a compell'd face a woman sits
While she is drawing? I have noted divers
Either to fain smiles, or suck in the lips,
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheeks,
To have the dimple seen; and so disorder
The face with affectation, at next sitting
It has not been the same: I have known others
Have lost the entire fashion of their face
In half an hour's sitting—in hot weather—
The painting on their face has been so mellow,
They have left the poor man harder work by half
To mend the copy he wrought by: But indeed,
If ever I would have mine drawn to the life,
I would have a painter steal it at such a time
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers;
There is then a heavenly beauty in 't, the soul
Moves in the superficies.

* I have selected this scene as the model of a well managed and gentlemanlike difference.

Honorable Employment.

Oh, my lord, lie not idle:
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action. We should think;
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many, rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession: of all which
Arise and spring up honor.

Selling of Land.

I could wish
That noblemen would ever live in the country,
Rather than make their visits up to the city
About such business. Noble houses
Have no such goodly prospects any way
As into their own land: the decay of that
(Next to their begging church-land) is a ruin
Worth all men's pity.

Dirge in a Funeral Pageant.

All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying:
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time.
Survey our progress from our birth;
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites.
Sweetest breath and clearest eye
(Like perfumes) go out and die;
And consequently this is done,
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings,
Who seek by trophies and dead things

To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA: A TRAGEDY. BY JOHN WEBSTER.

Appius, the Roman Decemvir, not being able to corrupt the Innocence of Virginia, Daughter to Virginius the Roman General, and newly married to Icilius, a young and noble Gentleman; to get possession of her person, suborns one Clodius to claim her as the Daughter of a deceased bondwoman of his, on the testimony of certain forged writings, pretended to be the Deposition of that Woman, on her deathbed, confessing that the Child had been spuriously passed upon Virginius for his own: the Cause is tried at Rome before Appius.

APPIUS. VIRGINIA. VIRGINIUS, *her Father.* ICILIUS, *her Husband.* *Senators of Rome.* *Nurse and other Witnesses.*

Virginius. My Lords, believe not this spruce orator.*
Had I but fee'd him first, he would have told
As smooth a tale on our side.

Appius. Give us leave.

Virginius. He deals in formal glosses, cunning shows,
And cares not greatly which way the case goes.
Examine I beseech you this old woman,
Who is the truest witness of her birth.

Appius. Soft you, is she your only witness?

Virginius. She is, my Lord.

Appius. Why, is it possible,
Such a great Lady in her time of child birth
Should have no other witness but a nurse?

Virginius. For aught I know, the rest are dead, my Lord.

Appius. Dead? no, my Lord, belike they were of counsel
With your deceased Lady, and so shamed
Twice to give color to so vile an act.
Thou nurse, observe me, thy offence already
Doth merit punishment above our censure;
Pull not more whips upon thee.

* Counsel for Clodius.

Nurse. I defy your whips, my Lord.
Appius. Command her silence, Lictors.
Virginius. O injustice! you frown away my witness.
Is this law, is this uprightness?
Appius. Have you view'd the writings?
This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
Beyond prevention.
Virginius. Appius, wilt thou hear me?
You have slander'd a sweet Lady that now sleeps
In a most noble monument. Observe me;
I would have tane her simple word to gage
Before his soul or thine.
Appius. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am sorry for thee; that thy love
By custom is grown natural, which by nature
Should be an absolute lothing. Note the sparrow;
That having hatch'd a cuckow, when it sees
Her brood a monster to her proper kind,
Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest
Than she had care i' the spring to have it drest.
Here's witness, most sufficient witness.
Think you, my Lord, our laws are writ in snow,
And that your breath can melt them?
Virginius. No, my Lord,
We have not such hot livers: mark you that?
Virginia. Remember yet the gods, O Appius;
Who have no part in this. Thy violent lust
Shall like the biting of th' invenom'd aspick,
Steal thee to hell. So subtle are thy evils;
In life they'll seem good angels, in death devils.
Appius. Observe you not this scandal?
Icilius. Sir, 'tis none.
I'll show thy letters full of violent lust
Sent to this Lady.
Appius. My Lords, these are but dilatory shifts.
Sirrah, I know you to the very heart,
And I 'll observe you.
Icilius. Do, but do it with justice.

Clear thyself first, O Appius, ere thou judge
Our imperfections rashly, for we wot
The office of a justice is perverted quite
When one thief hangs another.

1. *Senator.* You are too bold.

Appius. Lictor, take charge of him.

Icilius. 'Tis very good.
Will no man view these papers,* what not one?
Jove, thou hast found a rival upon earth,
His nod strikes all men dumb.
My duty to you.
The ass that carried Isis on his back,
Thought that the superstitious people kneel'd
To give his dulness humble reverence
If thou thinkst so, proud judge, I let thee see
I bend low to thy gown but not to thee.

Virginius. There's one in hold already. Noble youth;
Fetters grace one, being worn for speaking truth.
I'll lie with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon.
The injuries you do us we shall pardon:
But it is just, the wrongs which we forgive
The gods are charg'd therewith to see revenged.

Appius. Your madness wrongs you: by my soul, I love you.

Virginius. Thy soul!
O thy opinion, old Pythagoras:
Whither, O whither should thy black soul fly,
Into what ravenous bird, or beast most vile?
Only into a weeping crocodile.
Love me!
Thou lov'st me, Appius, as the earth loves rain,
Only to swallow it.

Appius. Know you the place you stand in?

Virginius. I'll speak freely.
Good men, too much trusting their innocence,
Do not betake them to that just defence
Which gods and nature gave them; but even wink
In the black tempest, and so fondly sink.

* The Forgery.

Appius. Let us proceed to sentence.
Virginius. Ere you speak,
One parting farewell let me borrow of you
To take of my Virginia.
Appius. Pray, take your course.
Virginius. Farewell, my sweet Virginia: never, never
Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
Of thy most pretty infancy: when first,
Returning from the wars, I took delight
To rock thee in my target; when my girl
Would kiss her father in his burganet
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck,
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see
Another fair Virginia smile on thee;
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak;
And, when my wounds have smarted) I have sung,
With an unskilful yet a willing voice,
To bring my girl asleep. O my Virginia;
When we begun to be, begun our woes;
Increasing still, as dying life still grows.
Thus I surrender her into the court
Of all the gods. [*Kills her.*
And see, proud Appius, see;
Although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy lust with this act be not fed,
Bury her in thy bowels now she's dead.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFY. BY JOHN WEBSTER.

The Duchess of Malfy marries Antonio, her Steward.

DUCHESS. CARIOLA, *her Maid.*

Duchess. Is Antonio come?
Cariola. He attends you.
Duch. Good dear soul,

Leave me: but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us: wish me good speed,
For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide. [*Cariola withdraws.*

Antonio enters.

I sent for you, sit down.
Take pen and ink and write. Are you ready?
Ant. Yes.
Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Duch. Oh, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous indeed! I thank you; I look young
For your sake. You have tane my cares upon you.
Ant. I'll fetch your grace the particulars of your revenue and expense.
Duch. Oh, you're an upright treasurer: but you mistook,
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I'm making my will (as 'tis fit princes should)
In perfect memory; and I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd
That violent distraction?
Ant. Oh, much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit.
But I intend to make you overseer;
What good deed shall we first remember, say?
Ant. Begin with that first good deed, began in the world

After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.

Duch. All!

Ant. Yes, your excellent self.

Duch. In a winding sheet?

Ant. In a couple.

Duch. St. Winifred, that were a strange will.

Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duch. What do you think of marriage?

Ant. I take it, as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in 't.

Duch. How do you affect it?

Ant. My banishment feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

Duch. Pray, let us hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my Ring to 't.
They say 'tis very sovran, 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind.

Duch. How?

Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil,
Is dancing in this circle.

Duch. Remove him.

Ant. How?

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger

May do it; thus: is it fit?

[*She puts the ring on his finger.*

Ant. What said you? [*He kneels.*

Duch. Sir!

This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in 't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please my hand to help you: so.

Ant. Ambition, Madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatick beyond all cure.
Conceive not I'm so stupid, but I aim
Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool
That, being a cold, would thrust his hands in the fire
To warm them.

Duch. So, now the ground 's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you Lord of.

Ant. O my unworthiness.

Duch. You were ill to sell yourself.
This darkning of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use in the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery) turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long serv'd virtue,
And never tane wages of her.—

Duch. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates: so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path

Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go, brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom;
I hope 'twill multiply love there; you do tremble;
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me; Sir, be confident.
What is it distracts you? This is flesh and blood, Sir,
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man.
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow:
I use but half a blush in 't.

Ant. Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
(Being now my Steward) here upon your lips
I sign your *quietus est:* this you should have begg'd now.
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Ant. But, for your brothers—

Duch. Do not think of them.
All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke; if some part of it
Would not have savor'd flattery.

[CARIOLA *comes forward.*

Duch. Kneel.

Ant. Hah!

Duch. Be not amaz'd; this woman's of my council.
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba præsenti is absolute marriage;
Bless heaven this sacred Gordian, which let violence
Never untwine.

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion.

Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music.

Car. Whether the spirit of greatness, or of woman,
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity.

The Duchess's marriage with Antonio being discovered, her brother Ferdinand shuts her up in a Prison, and torments her with various trials of studied Cruelty. By his command Bosola, the instrument of his Devices, shows her the Bodies of her Husband and Children counterfeited in Wax, as dead.

Bos. He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were 't my picture fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill; and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What's that?

Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.
Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend.
The Bee,
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid.

Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; intreat him live
To be executed again. Who must dispatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will.

Bos. Come, be of comfort, I will save your life.

Duch. Indeed I have not leisure to attend
So small a business.
I will go pray.—No: I'll go curse.
Bos. O fie.
Duch. I could curse the stars:
Bos. O fearful.
Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.
Plagues (that make lanes through largest families)
Consume them.*
Let them like tyrants
Ne'er be remember'd but for the ill they've done.
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them.
Let heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them: go, howl them this; and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy when men kill with speed. [*Exit.*

Ferdinand enters.

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish: she's plagued in art.
These presentations are but fram'd in wax,
By the curious master in that quality
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.
Bos. Why do you do this?
Ferd. To bring her to despair.
Bos. Faith, end here;
And go no further in your cruelty.
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer books.
Ferd. Damn her; that body of her's,
While that my blood ran pure in 't, was more worth
Than that, which thou would'st comfort, call'd a soul.
I'll send her masques of common courtezans,
Have her meat served up by bawds and ruffians,

* Her Brothers.

And ('cause she'll need be mad) I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad folk, and place them near her lodging:
There let 'em practise together, sing, and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' the moon.

She is kept waking with noises of Madmen; and, at last, is strangled by common Executioners.

DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?
Car. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, Lady: which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practis'd till this hour.
Duch. Indeed I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad; sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Car. O 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duch. Thou art deceived.
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Car. Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool.
The Robin-red-breast and the Nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Car. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, Madam?
Duch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Car. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
Car. Yes, out of question.
Duch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days conference with the dead,
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure

I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Car. Like to your picture in the gallery;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice:
Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch. Very proper:
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy: how now,
What noise is that?

A Servant enters.

Serv. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Here follows a Dance of Madmen, with Music answerable thereto: after which Bosola (like an old Man) enters.

Duch. Is he mad too?

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha: my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed:
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living. I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the tooth-ache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their minds were wholly

bent upon the world, the same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall. [*A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell, produced.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it,
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence chamber.

Car. O my sweet lady.

Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Listen.

Dirge.

Hark, now everything is still;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly d'on her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping:
Their life, a general mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
D'on clean linen, bathe your feet:

And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

Duch. To whom; to our next neighbors? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep.—Now what you please;
What death?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.

Bos. Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know, death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way: (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is, they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.

Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for Mandragora to make me sleep,
Go tell my brothers; when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [*They strangle her kneeling.*

FERDINAND *enters.*

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.*

* * * * * * * *

* All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the Duchess's death is usher'd in, are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance, than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victims, is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions *of this life*, so her language seems *not of this world.* She has lived among horrors till she is become "native and endowed unto that element." She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale.—What are "Luke's iron crown," the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bell-man, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees! To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit: this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may "upon horror's head horrors accumulate," but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they "terrify babes with painted devils," but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum.

Single Life.

O fie upon this single life: forego it.
We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,
Became a fruitless bay-tree: Syrinx turn'd
To the pale empty reed: Anaxarate
Was frozen into marble; whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were, by a gracious influence, trans-shap'd
Into the olive, pomgranate, mulberry;
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars.

Fable.

Upon a time, Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world: and 'twas concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagued with plagues: Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talked of; and sometimes,
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents: stay, quoth Reputation;
Do not forsake me, for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again.

Another.

A Salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a Dog-fish; who encounters her
With his rough language; why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods?
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest and fresh time of the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself
With silly Smelts and Shrimps:—and darest thou
Pass by our Dog-ship without reverence?
O (quoth the Salmon) sister, be at peace,
Thank Jupiter we both have past the net.
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:

In the market then my price may be the higher;
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.
So to great men the moral may be stretched:
Men oft are valued high when they are most wretched.

THE WHITE DEVIL: OR, VITTORIA COROMBONA, A LADY OF VENICE. A TRAGEDY. BY JOHN WEBSTER.*

The arraignment of Vittoria.—Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, for the love of Vittoria Corombona, a Venetian Lady, and at her suggestion, causes her husband Camillo to be murdered. Suspicion falls upon Vittoria, who is tried at Rome, on a double charge of Murder and Incontinence, in the presence of Cardinal Monticelso, Cousin to the deceased Camillo; Francisco de Medicis, Brother-in-Law to Brachiano; the Ambassadors of France, Spain, England, &c. As the arraignment is beginning, the Duke confidently enters the Court.

Mon. Forbear, my Lord, here is no place assign'd you:
This business, by his holiness, is left
To our examination.

* The Author's Dedication to this Play is so modest, yet so conscious of self-merit withal, he speaks so frankly of the deservings of others, and by implication insinuates his own deserts so ingenuously, that I cannot forbear inserting it, as a specimen how a man may praise himself gracefully and commend others without suspicion of envy.

" To the Reader.

" In publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me; not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hæc novimus esse nihil;* only since it was acted in so open and black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that, since that time I have noted most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses (who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books) I present it to the general view with this confidence,

Nec rhoncos metues malignorum
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi;* willingly, and not ignorantly, have I faulted. For should a man present, to such an auditory, the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical

Bra. May it thrive with you.

Fra. A chair there for his lordship. [*Lays a rich gown under him.*

Bra. Forbear your kindness; an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,
Bear their stool with them.

Mon. At your pleasure, Sir,
Stand to the table, gentlewoman.—Now, Signior,
Fall to your plea.

Lawyer. Domine judex converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.

Vit. What 's he ?

Fra. A lawyer, that pleads against you.

Vit. Pray, my Lord, let him speak his usual tongue,
I 'll make no answer else.

Fra. Why, you understand Latin.

laws, as height of style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious chorus, and, as it were, enliven death, in the passionate and weighty Nuntius: yet after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum ilia*, the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it; and ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace:

—— *Hæc hodie porcis comedenda relinques.*

"To those who report I was a long time in finishing this Tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a goose-quill wing'd with two feathers: and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, a tragic writer: Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred: Thou tell'st truth (quoth he); but here's the difference, thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

"Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherish'd my good opinion of other men's worthy labors, especially of that full and heighten'd stile of Master Chapman, the labor'd and understanding works of Master Jonson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakspeare, Master Decker, and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting, that in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that tho' I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs, I dare (without flattery) to fix that of Martial: *non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*"

Vit. I do, Sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in 't.
Mon. Go on, Sir.
Vit. By your favor,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.
Fra. Signior,
You need not stand on 't much; pray, change your language.
Mon. Oh, for God's sake! gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.
Law. Well then have at you.
Vit. I am the mark, Sir, I 'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.
Law. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgments to the view
Of this debauch'd and diversivolent woman:
Who such a concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of it, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections.
Vit. What 's all this?
Law. Hold your peace!
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.
Vit. Surely, my Lords, this lawyer hath swallowed
Some apothecaries bills, or proclamations;
And now the hard and undigestible words
Come up like stones we use give hawks for physic.
Why, this is Welch to Latin.
Law. My Lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes, nor is perfect
In the academick derivation
Of grammatical elocution
Fra. Sir, your pains
Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence
Be worthily applauded among those
Which understand you.

Law. My good Lord.
Fra. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag ;
[FRANCISCO *speaks this as in scorn.*
Cry mercy, Sir, 'tis buckram, and accept
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.
Law. I most graduatically thank your lordship ;
I shall have use for them elsewhere.
Mon. (*to* VITTORIA.) I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white,
Than that upon your cheek.
Vit. O you mistake,
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.
Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honor'd Lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit.
Vit. My honorable Lord,
It doth not suit a reverend Cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.
Mon. Oh your trade instructs your language.
You see, my Lords, what goodly fruit she seems,
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She 'll fall to soot and ashes.
Vit. Your invenom'd apothecary should do 't.
Mon. I am resolved,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.
Vit. O poor charity,
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.
Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were choakt with coaches, and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds of lights ;
When she did counterfeit a Prince's court
In music, banquets, and most riotous surfeits ;
This whore forsooth was holy.

Vit. Ha! whore? what 's that?

Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall.
I 'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater: In man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are cozening alchymy;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell.
Worse than those tributes i' th' low countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;
Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begg'd at th' gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What 's a whore?
She 's like the guilt counterfeited coin,
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble
All that receive it.

Vit. This character 'scapes me.

Mon. You, gentlewoman?
Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison—

Vit. Well, what then?

Mon. I 'll tell thee;
I 'll find in thee an apothecary's shop,
To sample them all.

Fr. Emb. She hath lived ill.

En. Emb. True, but the Cardinal 's too bitter,

Mon. You know what whore is. Next the devil adult'ry,
Enters the devil murder.

Fra. Your unhappy husband
Is dead.
Vit. O he 's a happy husband,
Now he owes Nature nothing.
Fra. And by a vaulting engine.
Mon. An active plot:
He jumpt into his grave.
Fra. What a prodigy was 't,
That from some two yards high, a slender man
Should break his neck?
Mon. I' th' rushes!
Fra. And what 's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.
Mon. And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widow: she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence: is this a mourning-habit?
Vit. Had I foreknown his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
Mon. O you are cunning!
Vit. You shame your wit and judgment,
To call it so; what, is my just defence
By him that is my judge call'd impudence?
Let me appeal then from this christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.
Mon. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.
Vit. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leiger embassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender; but withall,
So entangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We 'll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life
At yours, or any man's intreaty, Sir.

En. Emb. She hath a brave spirit.

Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.

Vit. You are deceived;
For know, that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break.
These are but feigned shadows of my evils.
Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted devils;
I am past such needless palsy. For your names
Of whore and murdress, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind
The filth returns in 's face.

Mon. Pray you, mistress, satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?

Bra. That question
Inforceth me break silence; I was there.

Mon. Your business?

Bra. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my Lord.

Mon. He was.

Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd
That you would cozen her.

Mon. Who made you overseer?

Bra. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows.

Mon. Your lust.

Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest! sirrah, priest,
I'll talk with you hereafter.——Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'll sheath in your own bowels.
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.

Mon. Ha!

Bra. Your mercenary post-boys.
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.
Servant. My Lord, your gown.
Bra. Thou liest, 'twas my stool.
Bestow 't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o' th' household stuff, for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or demy foot-cloth
For his most reverend moile. Monticelso, *nemo me impune lacessit.* [*Exit* BRACHIANO.
Mon. Your champion's gone.
Vit. The wolf may prey the better.
Fra. My Lord, there's great suspicion of the murder,
But no sound proof who did it. For my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass, only descend
To matter of incontinence.
Vit. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.
Mon. Now the Duke's gone I will produce a letter,
Wherein twas plotted, he and you shall meet,
At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tiber. View 't, my Lords;
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet.—I pray read it.—
I shame to speak the rest.
Vit. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation proves not the act:
Casta est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.

Mon. Frost i' th' dog-days! strange!

Vit. Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me;
So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in 't.

Mon. Truly drown'd, indeed.

Vit. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my Lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble.

Mon. Very good.

Vit. But take you your course, it seems you've begg'd me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusadoes;
Would these would make you charitable.

Mon. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.

Vit. You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me.

Fra. Who brought this letter?

Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.

Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August.

Vit. 'Twas to keep your cousin*
From prison, I paid use for 't.

Mon. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vit. Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge; come from the bench,
Give in your evidence against me, and let these
Be moderators. My Lord Cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving,
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.

Mon. Go to, go to.

* Her husband Camillo, who was cousin to Monticelso.

After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
I 'll give you a choak-pear.

Vit. Of your own grafting?

Mon. You were born in Venice, honorably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my cousin's fate,
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you;
He bought you of your father.

Vit. Ha!

Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my knowledge)
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio.
'Twas a hard penny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain, now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.

Vit. My Lord!

Mon. Nay hear me,
You shall have time to prate. My Lord Brachiano——
Alas! I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talk,
And ballated, and would be plaid o' th' stage
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,
That preachers are charm'd silent.
Your public fault,
Join'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, than blazing stars
To Princes. Hear your sentence; you are confin'd
Unto a house of converts.

Vit. A house of converts! what's that?

Mon. A house of penitent whores.

Vit. Do the Noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?

Fra. You must have patience.

Vit. I must first have vengeance.

I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.
Mon. Away with her,
Take her hence.
Vit. A rape! a rape!
Mon. How?
Vit. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.
Mon. Fie, she 's mad!
Vit. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you set o' th' bench,
Let your own spittle choak you!
Mon. She's turn'd fury.
Vit. That the last day of judgment may so find you,
And leave you the same Devil you were before!
Instruct me some good horse-leach to speak treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge!
Which dwells but in the tongue. I will not weep.
No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice; bear me hence
Unto this house of —— what's your mitigating title?
Mon. Of converts.
Vit. It shall not be a house of converts;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a Cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.*

* This White Devil of Italy sets off a bad cause so speciously, and pleads with such an innocence-resembling boldness, that we seem to see that matchless beauty of her face which inspires such gay confidence into her; and are ready to expect, when she has done her pleadings, that her very judges, her accusers, the grave ambassadors who sit as spectators, and all the court, will rise and make proffer to defend her in spite of the utmost conviction of her guilt; as the shepherds in Don Quixote make proffer to follow the beautiful shepherdess Marcela "without reaping any profi out of her manifest resolution made there in their hearing."—

So sweet and lovely does she make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Does spot the beauty of her budding name!

Marcello and Flamineo, Sons to Cornelia, having quarrelled; Flamineo slays his brother Marcello, their mother being present.

CORNELIA. MARCELLO.

Cor. I hear a whispering all about the court,
You are to fight: who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?

Mar. 'Tis an idle rumor.

Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you do not well
To fright me thus: you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you,
Upon my blessing; nay I'll call the Duke,
And he shall school you.

Mar. Publish not a fear,
Which would convert to laughter: 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my father's?

Cor. Yes.

Mar. I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,
He took the crucifix between his hands,
And broke a limb off.

Cor. Yes; but 'tis mended.

FLAMINEO *enters.*

Fla. I have brought your weapon back.

[FLAMINEO *runs* MARCELLO *through.*

Cor. Ha, oh my horror!

Mar. You have brought it home, indeed.

Cor. Help, oh he's murder'd!

Fla. Do you turn your gall up? I'll to the sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. [*Exit* FLAM.

HORTENSIUS (*an Officer*) *enters.*

Hor. How, o' th' ground?

Mar. O mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking off the crucifix. Farewell.
There are some sins, which heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means. Let all men know,

That tree shall long time keep a steady foot,
Whose branches spread no wider than the root.

Cor. O my perpetual sorrow!

Hor. Virtuous Marcello!

He's dead. Pray leave him, lady: come, you shall.

Cor. Alas! he is not dead; he's in a trance.
Why, here's nobody shall get anything by his death.
Let me call him again, for God's sake!

Hor. I would you were deceived.

Cor. O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me!
How many have gone away thus, for lack of 'tendance!
Rear up 's head, rear up 's head; his bleeding inward will kill him.

Hor. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him; give me him as he is; if he be turn'd to earth, let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin. Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips: will you lose him for a little pains taking?

Hor. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i' th' ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come to him.

The DUKE *enters with* FLAMINEO, *and* PAGE.

Bra. Was this your handy-work?

Fla. It was my misfortune.

Cor. He lies, he lies; he did not kill him: these have kill'd him, that would not let him be better look'd to.

Bra. Have comfort, my griev'd mother.

Cor. O yon' screech-owl!

Hor. Forbear, good Madam.

Cor. Let me go, let me go.

[*She runs to* FLAMINEO *with her knife drawn, and coming to him, lets it fall.*

The God of heaven forgive thee. Dost not wonder
I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason;

I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes;
I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well:
Half of thyself lies there: and may'st thou live
To fill an hour-glass with his moulder'd ashes,
To tell how thou should'st spend the time to come
In blest repentance.

Bra. Mother, pray tell me
How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

Cor. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too much
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first; and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with 's head
Just in my bosom.

Page. This is not true, Madam.

Cor. I pr'ythee peace.
One arrow 's graz'd already: it were vain
To lose this, for that will ne'er be found again.

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FRANCISCO *describes to* FLAMINEO *the grief of* CORNELIA *at the funeral of* MARCELLO.

Your reverend Mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Twixt doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies:
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont to outwear the nights with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharg'd with water.

Funeral Dirge for Marcello.

[*His mother sings it.*

Call for the Robin-red-breast and the Wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole
The Ant, the Field-mouse, and the Mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.*

Folded Thoughts.

Come, come, my Lord, unite your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.
Your sister 's poison'd.

Dying Princes.

To see what solitariness is about dying Princes! As heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorced friends, and made great houses unhospitable! so now, O justice! where are their flatterers now? flatterers are but the shadows of princes' bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

Natural Death.

O thou soft natural death! that art joint twin
To sweetest slumber!—no rough-bearded Comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull Owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse Wolf
Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes' ———

Vow of Murder rebuked.

Miserable creature,
If thou persist in this 'tis damnable.
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves
And yet to prosper! ——

* I never saw anything like this Dirge, except the Ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the Tempest. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates.

Dying Man.

See see how firmly he doth fix his eyes
Upon the crucifix.
Oh hold it constant.
It settles his wild spirits: and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

Despair.

O the cursed Devil,
Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o'er; despair, with gall and stibium,
Yet we carouse it off.

END OF PART I.

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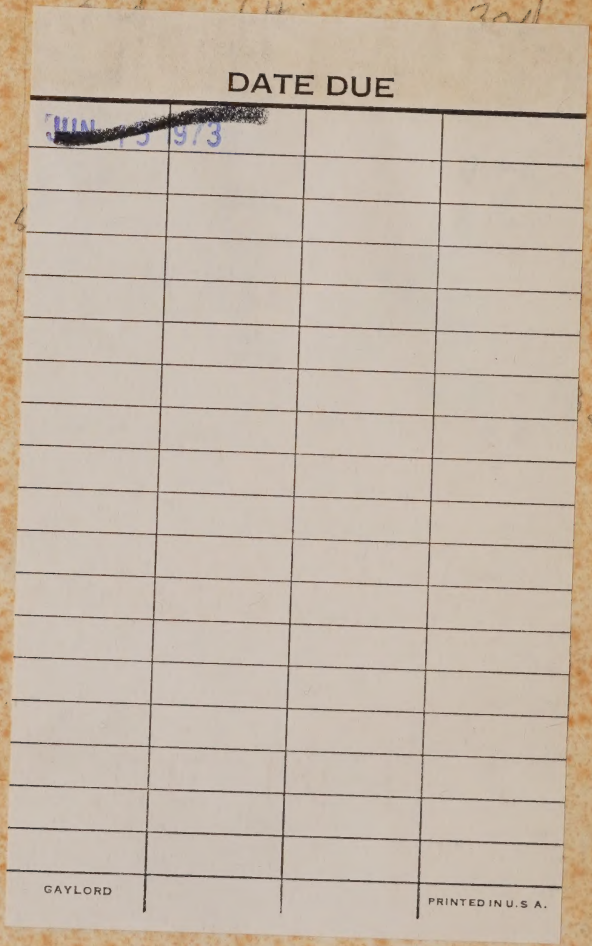
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